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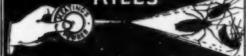
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THE CATHEDRAL, NOTRE-DAME

PARIS

WRITTEN

BY

JAS. BARRATT

ILLUSTRATED

BY

PHOTOGRAPHS



T has been said that every town has its own mood, and visitors of an average emotional temperament are bound to fall in with it. Some towns simply bore us, some are forgotten as soon as we leave them ; in some we become romantic, or dream of an old epoch over its fantastic remains ; some are remembrances only of beauty, some of joy. Each has its mood, and we are sad, or serious, or happy in a blind obedience to its command.

About the mood of Paris there can be no question. It is all life and gaiety. Paris has its slums, but who thinks of them ? Paris has its sights of misery and poverty, but who remembers them ?

No ; the mood of Paris is a joyful one. We smile, we laugh, we sing. It is *la joie de vivre*. The very word rings lightly in our ears, when we pronounce it in its own tongue. Paris ! Paris !

We love our London. With all its noise and bustle it is homely. Maybe at times it is dismal, but our breasts swell with pride. It is substantial and full of fond memories. Our hearts beat soberly when we return to its familiar places.

But in Paris the throbbing quickens. Our eyes brighten, the place is infectious. The air is heavy with a multitude of microbes, all bent on compelling us to be joyful. Who but the most baneful of pessimists can philosophise there ?

If we think at all, it is of the psalmist, and we determine to let the morrow take care of itself.

It is a long step from Regent Street to the Boulevard des Italiennes, owing to the unfortunate scarcity of magic Arabian mats. But in imagination we can take it, and immediately the contrast informs us of the vital move we have made. We must live another life if we would belong to the Boulevard. Regent Street is staid and sober. Its crowd has caught the same mood. It is well dressed, and it saunters. And although it is probably idle, it gives the impression of being on business bent. But the Boulevard des Italiennes, with its lines of trees, its innumerable cafés and brasseries, all with half-a-dozen rows of little tables and chairs on the wide pathway, its good-natured crowd, which at six o'clock will fill every outside seat of the cafés, sipping its absinthe, or one of the many variously coloured concoctions in which it delights, smoking and gesticulating, or gazing placidly at the constant stream of passers—passers consisting of men and women of every grade and dress, from the tatterdemalion with his torn, dirty blouse, who yells out the news of the latest evening paper, to the dainty *demoiselle*, who endeavours to trip along demurely, although we all know that her temperament absolutely foredooms her to failure! Well, after all, the Boulevard is the Boulevard. Is there more to be said? Paris has indeed a grand display of these wide, tree-lined, straight thoroughfares, with their lofty buildings and expansive circuses or *places*.

All the world and its wife will, presumably, soon be paying a visit to this city. A big exhibition is an inevitable magnet. We may say that our moral sense has been shocked, that if we followed the proper dictates of conscience we should absolutely ignore our sister city, but—well, there is the Exhibition. It is such an obvious fact. And should we not take what the gods send?

Those people who visited the last Exhibition will find this of 1900 occupying much the same position, with some additions.

The Trocadéro, which stands at the

head, overlooking the Seine, is a circular edifice in the Oriental style, flanked with two lofty minarets. It was constructed for the Exhibition of 1878, and has since been used as a museum. The balcony in front of the central building is embellished by some very fine figures in gilded bronze, and below, a large cascade descends into a huge basin. Standing on somewhat elevated ground, it looks down on some pretty gardens and the expansive Champs de Mars, where, straight in front, rises the spider-legged Eiffel Tower, whilst in the distance, slightly to the left, the gilded dome of the Hôtel des Invalides shines out conspicuously. It is over this prospect that the Exhibition buildings have been gradually rising for the last year or so.

The Hôtel des Invalides is justly celebrated. In the museum is a fine collection of ancient arms and armour, containing specimens of almost every age and nationality, and beneath the dome of the church which adjoins, is the wonderful tomb of Napoleon I. It is a sarcophagus, hewn from a single block of reddish-brown granite, 13 feet long, 6½ feet wide, and 14½ feet high, weighing upwards of 67 tons, and rests on a mosaic pavement representing a wreath of laurels. Brought from Finland, at a cost of 140,000 francs, and surrounded by twelve colossal Victories, it is an everlasting memorial to the man who was once so mighty. And as we lean over the balustrading, and gaze at it in the crypt, some 20 feet down, and the rays of the sun catch the marble and glint on the figures, we are deeply impressed by its magnificence and beauty, and its solemn grandeur creates an ineradicable impression.

A handsome Esplanade, some 550 yards long and 270 wide, lies between the Hôtel and the Seine. Thence, a few minutes walk along the Quai d'Orsay, we pass the Chamber of Deputies, immediately opposite which is the Pont de la Concorde, where we have a delightful view of Paris on the Seine. The other side of the bridge is the grand Place de la Concorde—the most beautiful and extensive *place* in Paris, and one of the very finest in the world. In the centre of the Place is an obelisk of red-

dish granite from Upper Egypt, slightly larger than our Cleopatra's needle, whilst some very large fountains, ornamented by figures of Tritons and Nereids, holding dolphins, and throwing a jet of water twenty-eight feet high, give the proper finishing touch to this grand Place.

On the west side of the Place begin the Champs - Elysées, a magnificent avenue planted with rows of elms and lime-trees, and stretching for almost 1½ miles straight to the Arc de Triomphe. This is one of the most fashionable promenades in Paris, especially in the afternoon, and leads, about three quarters of a mile past the Arc, to the celebrated Bois de Boulogne—a beautiful park consisting of a fragment of the old Forêt de Rouvray, of which Parisians are justly proud. The Arc de Triomphe, by the way, is the largest triumphal arch in existence, and though conveying a somewhat heavy impression when approached, shows to great advantage from any of the twelve avenues that radiate from it.

Though Paris cannot boast of a large number of parks as London can, yet is she rich in squares, and gardens, and open spaces, on all of which the best of care has been lavishly spent. On the eastern side of the Place de la Concorde is a fine example in the popular Garden of the Tuileries. This stretches practically between the Place and the Louvre, and is laid out in terraces and groves richly embellished with marble statues and vases. The profusion of really good statuary in Paris will at once strike the Londoner's eye, and its effect, though perhaps slightly artificial in a garden, will prove how immensely many of our widest thoroughfares might be improved by the addition.

Of museums and galleries Paris has a full share. Who has not heard of the Louvre? The most important public building in Paris, both on account of its art treasures and its architecture, it is world-renowned. Its vast extent may be gathered when it is said that the Louvre and the Tuileries cover an area of forty-eight acres, thus forming one of the most magnificent palaces in the world. It has a place in the whole of French history, and is now a combined National Gallery and British Museum,

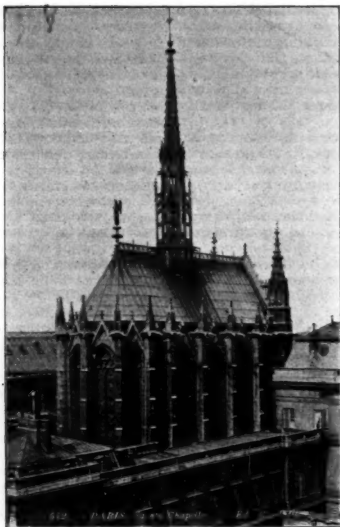
containing one of the finest collections of pictures, sculptures, antiquities, and all kinds of art objects extant. Art lovers can spend an indefinite time there, dwelling on its beauties and rarities.

A part of another Palace has likewise been turned into a museum—the Luxembourg—and now contains a collection of paintings and sculptures by living artists. But merely to mention all the museums and galleries in Paris were a task, and one, it is possible, of no great interest.

As would be expected of a Roman Catholic town, Paris is rich in churches. From the somewhat heavy Cathedral of Notre-Dame to the daintily constructed Sainte-Chapelle, it contains examples of well-nigh every branch and school of architecture. Beauty of construction and richness of adornment and ceremony go hand in hand, and a visit to most of them, of whatever duration, is amply repaid in many ways.

Exteriorly Notre-Dame suffers somewhat from its absence of spires and also from the lofty buildings which surround it, but its interior is much more complete. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that it contains one of the finest organs in Europe. Sainte-Chapelle, which is really a portion of the Palais de Justice, also suffers exteriorly from the contiguity of the other parts of the Palais, but in spite of all, it is a perfect gem of Gothic architecture. Nearly the whole of the wall-surface of the Upper Chapel is occupied by fifteen large windows (49 feet by 13 feet) with magnificent stained glass framed in beautiful tracery. On a bright day it is, from the interior, altogether a vision of dainty beauty. The only service now performed here is the "Mass of the Holy Ghost," celebrated annually on the re-opening of the Courts after the autumn vacation.

Another structure of the religious order is the Panthéon. After passing through various vicissitudes of consecration and secularisation, it was finally secularised in 1885 for the obsequies of Victor Hugo, and is now a kind of memorial temple. It is an edifice of imposing dimensions, built in the form of the Greek Cross, and has for a portico a huge colonnade consisting of twenty-



SAINTE-CHAPELLE

two fluted Corinthian columns, 81 feet in height, resembling that of the Panthéon at Rome. In the vaults are tombs of Rousseau and Voltaire (their remains were removed secretly), President Carnot, Victor Hugo, and other renowned Frenchmen.

The Hôtel de Ville, or town-hall, of Paris is in many respects one of the finest buildings of the city. A rectangular structure in the French Renaissance style, with dome-covered pavilions at the angles, it is highly decorative, having in all about 206 statues and groups adorning the exterior. It has risen on the ashes of the old Hôtel de Ville, which in 1871 was doomed to destruction by the Commune. The 24th May of that year had witnessed a terrible scene on this spot. Heaps of combustibles, steeped in petroleum, and

barrels of gunpowder, had been placed in various parts of the building, and the insurgents being gradually driven back from the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, at last determined to fire the surrounding buildings and also the combustibles in the Hôtel de Ville, although 600 of their party were still within its precincts. The result was terrible in the extreme, and the building became a mere ruin.

Another grand structure that likewise suffered greatly in 1871 is the Palais de Justice. It is very large, and consequently somewhat puzzling to the stranger.

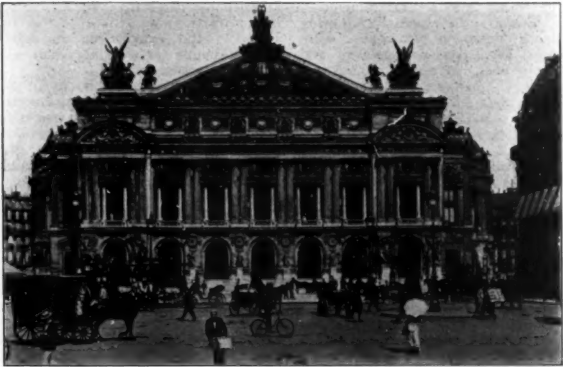
It is natural that so lively a city as Paris should have a plentiful sufficiency of theatres. From the Théâtre de l'Opéra, the Comédie française—so unfortunately destroyed by fire a short time ago—to the Folies Bergère or the

Vaudeville, their name is legion. You pay your money and your choice can range from pole to pole. Every taste is catered for.

None of the buildings, however, can rank with the sumptuous edifice of the Opera House. Standing at the end of the magnificently wide Avenue de l'Opera, it covers nearly three acres of ground, being the largest theatre in the world, although it contains seats for 2156 persons only, which is less than the number accommodated by the Opera House at Vienna or the theatre of La Scala at Milan and San Carlos

Algerian onyx, and its coloured marble columns, it is a work of true magnificence.

Visitors to Paris are, however, offered other sights than the ordinary detour of a city. No one should omit to see the extremely interesting collection of tapestries at the Gobelins or state manufactory of the famous tapestry of that name. Here the workmen may be seen and the tapestries in course of formation. The loom resembles that in ordinary use. The small part of the design on which the workman is actually engaged is drawn in black



THE OPERA HOUSE

at Naples. The site alone cost £420,000, whilst the cost of the building amounted to £1,460,000, and in its construction almost every kind of marble or costly stone has been used. The exterior is embellished with four large groups of statuary and four statues, above which rise thirty Corinthian columns, the larger ones being of stone and the smaller of red marble, whilst in the centre of the building rises a low dome. The grand staircase in the interior is a masterpiece of its kind. With its white marble steps, its balustrades of *rosso antico*, its handrail of

crayon on the stretched threads. The picture to be copied is behind him, and in front of him is a basket with wools of every possible colour, each distinct hue being represented by twenty-four different shades (14,400 in all). The work requires the utmost patience and the most practised eye, and as an average day's task of each workman is an area of six square inches, it takes many years to execute some of the larger designs, which, when complete, are worth £2,000 and upwards. They are all copies of well-known pictures, and the beauty and brightness

of the colours, and the delicacy of the shading, make them a delightful surprise to those who have only seen faded or common tapestries.

Equally curious, though perhaps less interesting in some ways, is a visit to the Catacombs. Formerly subterranean quarries, worked as far back as the Roman period, and yielding a soft kind of limestone which hardens on exposure to the air, they extend under a great part of the quarter of Paris on the left bank of the Seine, and now form the resting-place of an immense number of human remains. As long ago as 1786, the Council of State ordered the removal of the bodies from several cemeteries, and during the period following immense numbers of bones were brought from various quarters and thrown in here. A regular system was afterwards organised, and now the galleries and different compartments are completely lined with human bones and skulls, carefully arranged, and representing, it is said, six million bodies.

Each visitor, on entering, is compelled to buy a candle, for the whole of the place is practically in darkness, and then, after descending a long flight of narrow, dark steps, begins his weird and gruesome walk along lofty passages, lined on either side with piled-up bones, which are fantastically decorated by skulls and crossbones and inscriptions of the various cemeteries from which they have been gathered. So bewildering and multitudinous are the passages, that without the necessary guide the visitor would almost inevitably fail to find his way out. And it is certainly with

somewhat of a sigh of relief and contentment that he finally emerges at the other end, and is surrounded by a poor crowd, all eager for his half-burned candle, which is accepted with a repeated—"Merci, monsieur," for *bougies* are not the cheap articles in Paris that they are in London.

Space forbids us now to enlarge on another of the sights of Paris, which really forms a side of the character of some of its people. Of the Latin Quarter, its inhabitants and entertainments, of the dubiously renowned Moulin Rouge and the fantastically lurid and gruesome amusements afforded by certain of the brasseries of Montmartre, we cannot now speak. Paris is too exhaustive; its sights and pleasures are cosmopolitan and without number.

And when we leave this city of life and beauty what are our impressions? In our ears ring the terrible names of Marat and Danton and Robespierre, of the Bastille, the Commune, the Tuileries, and a hundred others familiar to the least eager student of history. The red cap of the republic flaunts itself in our imagination and a stream of blood colours the shining roadways, whilst our ears are dinned by hellish execrations. And then the dream vanishes, and we hear only cheery laughter, and see but smiling, sunny faces. For 'tis a world of brightness, where the streets and avenues are wide and long, and trees keep the glare of the mid-day sun from the passer-by, a world of cafés and of music, of statues and of fountains, of beauty and the joy of life.



THE FARM IN THE FREE STATE.



WRITTEN

BY

H. J. ESSEN

ILLUSTRATED

BY

M. YORK SHUTER

TROOPER William Drage, of the Cape Irregular Horse, was walking painfully over the veldt and cursing his luck. Sent out a few hours before as one of a scouting party from Belmont, his horse had fallen with him near the spot where he now was, a few miles within the border of the Orange Free State; he had struck his head against a boulder and been stunned, jamming his rifle in his fall; and he had awakened from his swoon to find that his comrades had left him, as was indeed their duty, and that his horse had broken both its fore-legs, and was useless to carry him either forward or back. He felt exceedingly shaken by his fall, and, when he tried to walk he found that he could hardly do so for a twisted ankle. To stay on the open plain with night falling was an impossibility, especially as it was beginning to rain. A farmhouse loomed in the near distance before him, and, as it was practically certain to be deserted, he resolved to take shelter there and wait till his comrades should return to pick him up, as they were sure to do.

With infinite labour he reached the house, and found, as he had supposed, that it was quite deserted. It was a long, low building with windows near the ground, and, as one of them was open, he managed with some difficulty to clamber in, despite the pain in his foot, and having done so he was overjoyed to find both food and drink — left, as he supposed, by the late occupant — in a cupboard in one of the corners of the room.

William Drage was not a trooper for nothing, and he knew how to make the best of any circumstances in which Providence, or what was to him much the same thing, the orders of his superior officer, might place him, and having made an excellent and prolonged meal on the food with which he had been so providentially provided, he stretched out his uninjured leg, bound a wet handkerchief round the ankle of the other, and filled his pipe preparatory to having a comfortable smoke.

He was in the act of taking a box of matches from his pocket, when the noise of a galloping horse struck upon his ear. He knew something of the Dutch

farmer in South Africa, and he was not at all anxious to be caught in his present helpless and unarmed condition by an irate Free-Stater, possibly the owner of the farm, especially when he had just made a large inroad into the provisions, which were probably reserved for the Dutchman's supper. Sweet reasonableness is by no means the leading characteristic of the Boer, and Drage realised at once that in a case like the present discretion was the better part of valour, so he looked round the room for a place of concealment, in case the horseman should be coming to the farm-house.

His first idea was to leave the room by the door and try to get out of the house at the back; but on trial this proved impossible, as, on trying the back-door, he found it locked, and there was no key. Exit by the window was impracticable, as the horseman was coming in the direction towards which the window looked. He came to the conclusion that the room itself offered the best chance of shelter. A glance round it in the now fast-vanishing light showed him a place that gave some chance of concealment, and that was a heavy oak press that stood at one side of the room. He hobbled up to it and tried the doors. To his disgust it was locked. He looked to see if he could squeeze himself between it and the wall, but the space was too narrow. The gallop of the horse sounded now very near, and he was almost in despair when a sudden thought struck him. Why not try the top? There was plenty of room, as the press was a large one, and a projecting piece of carving along the front would protect him from view. It was high, but fear gave him agility which he would not otherwise have possessed in his maimed condition. With a superhuman effort, and with excruciating pain to his swollen ankle, he managed to drag himself up, and composed himself as comfortably as he could in the dust, that lay thick on the top of the press, just as the stranger's horse stopped before the house.

Some minutes elapsed, during which Drage supposed that the new-comer was tying up his horse, before he made his appearance into the room by the same window through which Drage himself

had entered. He went straight through the room and out into the passage, and seemed to be in a desperate hurry, for the trooper heard him knocking things about in another room and cursing in a language that was not English nor yet Dutch (with which language—and especially the expletives in it—Drage had more than a passing acquaintance), as he bumped his shins against obstacles that impeded his movements. At last he returned with a lantern, a hammer and a chisel; and by the light of the former, Drage, as he peered down from his lofty hiding-place, had a good view of his face and figure. His dress betokened the Dutch farmer, but the trooper knew enough of the national characteristics to see that every feature of his face belied the suggestion of his clothes. His black hair, dark eyes—placed rather too closely together—pointed nose and thin lips, beneath which the chin was covered by a black pointed beard, denoted the Frenchman, even to Drage's untravelled intelligence, and the trooper wondered what in the world an Uitlander—and a French one to boot—was doing masquerading as a farmer (for no Frenchman farms in Africa) in this lonely place and in a time of war.

But, if his curiosity was aroused by the man's unusual appearance, it was increased tenfold by the further movements of the stranger, for the latter, moving the heavy table that stood in the centre of the room, knelt down with the lantern by his side and began with the aid of the hammer and chisel to prise up part of the flooring of the room. He worked with feverish haste and as if he went in fear of interruption, for every now and then he would go to the window and listen, and then, when no sound was audible, return eagerly to his work. The boards were tightly nailed down, and it was a lengthy and difficult business to raise them, especially as he took extreme care not to split or tear the wood in doing so.

Drage was naturally interested in his movements, but presently a sight was presented to him that not only interested but fascinated him. Glancing suddenly from the form of the stooping Frenchman to the window, which was also in his view, he saw a pale and hag-

gard-looking face rise above the ledge of the window and glare into the room. The sight was so sudden and unexpected, and the pallor and emaciation of the face were so extreme, that its appearance struck chill on the trooper's senses, and he almost uttered an exclamation of terror; but at this moment the Frenchman rose from his knees and made one of his periodical visits to the window to listen. In an instant the head disappeared, and the Frenchman having satisfied himself that no one was approaching, returned to his work without observing it.

Trying to persuade himself that what he had seen was merely the result of a too vivid imagination, Drage stared at the window. He was not a man given to being troubled by nerves of any kind, but the sight of the ghastly face, dimly illumined by the light of the lantern, was so unearthly, that he devoutly hoped it would not again present itself to his view. But he was doomed to disappointment, for in a few moments it was again cautiously raised above the level of the sill, and out of their cavernous sockets the spectral eyes glared at the kneeling figure of the Frenchman.

And so the thing went on, till it got on Drage's nerves, as he lay on his uncomfortable couch. As long as the Frenchman was at work with his back to the window, the face was visible to the trooper following his every movement, but, when he rose for his periodical journey to the opening, it always disappeared, and Drage felt inclined to scream out and warn the stooping figure of the proximity of someone who evidently intended him no good. But he restrained himself for two reasons. In the first place, he had his own safety to think of; he was quite helpless; and if he warned the Frenchman, it was more than possible that the latter, after disposing of his immediate enemy might resent his (Drage's) past observation of his movements with unpleasant consequences. In the second, he did not like the Frenchman's appearance; while, when he came to realise that the face at the window belonged to a man and not to a visitant from the other world, he recognised something forlorn and hunted about it that excited his sympathy.

So he made no sound and waited.

Presently the Frenchman finished his task, and, throwing down his tools and bending over the square hole that he had made, he drew from it, with what appeared to be a good deal of effort, an iron box. Placing it on the ground beside him and producing a key from his pocket, he fumbled with the lock.

Drage turned his attention to the window, and perceived that the watcher there was observing the other's movements with the closest attention. No sooner had the Frenchman opened the box and drawn from it some papers, that crackled like bank-notes, while, as he did so, there was a sound as of coins chinking together inside the box, than the shoulders of the man at the window became visible as well as his head; then he noiselessly put one leg over the sill, and an instant later was within the room and, with two bounds across the intervening space of floor, was at the Frenchman's side.

"You thief!" he cried, clutching him by the throat, "give me back my money!"

Taken utterly by surprise, the Frenchman rolled upon the floor with the stranger on top of him, and although he was a burly man, while the other looked a mere wreck of humanity, the attack was so unexpected and the new-comer held on to his throat with such ferocity, that Drage thought in another moment he would choke him. At last the Frenchman lay quite still and the other relaxed his hold somewhat.

"Thief!" he repeated, "give me back my money. It is my money, that, which you have there in that box. How much of it is left? Tell me quickly, or I will throttle you, as you lie there."

The Frenchman gasped, trying to recover his breath. At last he was able to get the words out.

"God," he said, speaking in English, as the other had done, and wiping the drops of sweat from his brow, "how you frightened me! I thought it was the police or some of these cursed Dutchmen. But it is you; and I am glad you have found me. Look here," he went on, pointing to the box, while Drage could see his treacherous eyes shifting from side to side, "I am sick of this money. I am sick of being hunted from

place to place for fear of the police. I was safe enough here from them, but now I have to get back over the frontier again for fear of being compelled by these ruffianly Boers to serve in their travesty of an army. I tell you I am sick of it all. Let me go now; give me enough money to start me with the chance of beginning again as an honest man, and I will do something for you in return. I have a horse outside, and if you will promise me what I ask, I will help you to take the money (it is almost all there, except the amount I spent in getting

my wife and child were beggars through your treachery. You robbed me of every chance there was for me in life; you did not care that you left me nothing which I could call my own; and you left me to starve without a pang. I swore that I would follow you over the world, if necessary, to get my money back, for I could not wait on the slow movements of the police. Friends took the responsibility of my family from off my shoulders, and I followed you from place to place, till, as you see, the clothes are falling off my back and it is



"CAN I TRUST YOU THI TIME? WILL YOU SWEAR?"

here, and the rent of this farm) over the border, which you could not do without my help. Is it a bargain?" and he looked eagerly at his captor.

The other looked doubtfully at the prostrate figure, and hesitated, and Drage could see that he relaxed his hold still more.

"Jean Faiblon," he returned at length, "you were always a liar. Can I trust you this time? Will you swear? Think," he went on, "of what I suffered, when I found that I had been ruined and that

weeks since I have known what it is to have a decent meal. And now that at last I have found you, you ask me to trust you again, instead of killing you, as something within me tells me I ought to do. But I want no man's blood upon my hands. Will you swear by Almighty God that you will not play me false the second time, if I let you go, and promise you the money that you ask, and that you will help me to take the rest over the frontier?"

"I swear it by Almighty God!" replied the Frenchman.

The other allowed him to rise, and he got up slowly, as if in pain, and limped towards the box.

"Look," he said to the Englishman (for English Drage had by now perceived the other to be), "come and see that it is as I have said, and that the bulk of your £5,000 is still here."

A sinister gleam shot from his eyes, as it seemed to Drage, and the trooper half made up his mind to shout and warn his fellow-countryman of treachery, but he lost a moment in debating the point, and the Englishman bent over the box. In an instant Faiblon had seized the heavy hammer that lay upon the floor, and swinging it over his head aimed a crashing blow at the back of the other's head. Whether the Englishman moved at this moment, or whether Faiblon missed his aim, Drage could not see, but the hammer struck him in the back of the shoulder instead of the head. He fell, however, like a log with, as the trooper afterwards found, a broken shoulder-blade, and his head hung limply over the edge of the box.

The Frenchman stood and looked at him. He was not quite unconscious for he stirred a little and groaned. Then his senses seemed slowly to return, and he tried to rise; but to no purpose.

"Where am I?" he enquired feebly.

"Where you can do no further mischief," answered the Frenchman. "Fool!" he went on brutally, "you were a credulous idiot in London, and you have proved yourself one here. You brought this upon yourself. Why did you follow me? Did you suppose that I was going to give up the money, for which I have braved so many dangers, so easily, and on this night of all others, when I have made all my preparations, and in a few hours shall be outside this detestable country, where there is no opportunity for an educated man to amuse himself? It was all very well for a time, and the safest place in the world from the attentions of your charming police, who I supposed were following me instead of such a bungler as you. But as a place to live in—no thank you! It is too *triste*, and besides, there is always the chance of being commandeered.

"No, my friend," he continued, with a sneering laugh, "you were certainly not clever to choose to-night for your little surprise, and now I shall be under the necessity of leaving you here without the chance of a medical attendant. Perhaps you will get better, or someone will find you; perhaps not. In the latter case your fate might be unpleasant, but I shall not be responsible for it. I did not want you to die; you brought your troubles on yourself; and I must leave your Providence to look after its own."

He stopped and waited for an answer, but the other only groaned.

The feelings of Drage during the foregoing scene can well be imagined; but, though he raged with fury at the Frenchman's treachery, he was powerless to help his countryman, as he knew that any intervention on his part would certainly mean his own further disablement or death, with no advantage to the man he wished to help. He longed to hurl defiance at the sinister figure below him, and he ground his teeth as he thought that, through his impotence, Faiblon would escape with his evilly-gotten gains. As it was, he could only wait, stiff and aching from his cramped position, and hope that something would occur to spoil the Frenchman's plans. He was not exactly a religious person, but he told his comrades afterwards, somewhat shame-facedly, that he did on this occasion offer up some kind of a prayer for Faiblon's discomfiture. He always considered it as a direct answer to this supplication, that, when the Frenchman had dragged the unresisting body of his victim outside the room, and had returned, and was kneeling by the box, preparatory to bestowing the money about his person and in some leather bags, which he had with him, the noise of a troop of horsemen was heard approaching the house.

Drage prayed that it might be his comrades returning, while the Frenchman, with a look of alarm and a muttered curse, covered the lantern on the side to the window, and then hastily replaced the box in its hiding-place and put back the boards, drawing the table to its original position. Then he hurriedly left the room, and Drage heard him leave the house at the back. But,

if he counted on escape, he was disappointed, for the trooper heard shouts, and then the galloping of horses followed by a scuffle, and presently a light appeared at the open window, and a party of Boers showed themselves surrounding the figure of the Frenchman.

The whole party entered unceremoniously by the window; a lantern was set on the table; and the man in command of the party, an unusually brutal-looking young Free State officer, seated himself at it, and prepared to interrogate the Frenchman, who was placed opposite to him between a couple of soldiers. The appearance of the officer was not in his favour, and Drage, who was always prejudiced against the Dutch, and became more so than ever after this night, told himself that if such an inferior person were put in command over him, he would be compelled, however, reluctantly, to become a deserter on the earliest opportunity, but he felt glad to think that, the less the officer's character belied his looks, the worse it would be for the treacherous Faiblon.

"You are the Uitlander who has lately taken this farm?" the Free Stater began, staring insolently at his prisoner, and speaking in Dutch, which Drage felt glad he understood. The Frenchman evidently knew enough of the language to follow him, for he assented with a look of fear in his eyes, that the trooper was glad to see.

"You are therefore a burgher of the Free State," continued the officer. "Why are you not serving with the colours against the English?"

"I am a French citizen, and exempt," answered Faiblon.

"Oh!" replied the Lieutenant, spitting on the floor, as if in contempt of all foreigners, "that is your notion, is it? We want no cursed Uitlanders in our country, but, as they persist in favouring us with their company, we make them useful, and we do not care one jot whether they are Frenchmen or any other kind of Europeans, always excepting the rooineks, whom we shall presently wipe off the earth. You had your chance to leave before the war, but you did not take it, and now it is the law that all foreigners living in the State must serve it when the Republic calls

upon them. You have been skulking, but we had information that we should find you at night. You are ordered, therefore, to serve the State as an able-bodied burgher, and I have no doubt the Commandant will give you a good opportunity of smelling powder, by placing you well in the front," and he laughed disagreeably.

The Frenchman broke into appeals and protestations.

"What!" said the Lieutenant, "do you dispute with your superior officer? Strike him on the mouth!" and Drage's heart was glad, in spite of his disgust for the lieutenant, to see retribution begin to fall on Faiblon's head, as the soldier did as he was ordered.

"But I have another little matter to settle with you," continued the officer, still addressing the Frenchman, who was now white with mingled rage and terror; "we have certain information that you have a large sum of money hidden somewhere in this house. It is needed for the service of the State, and I order you to hand it over."

Faiblon again burst into protestations and asseverations that he had absolutely no money, beyond the small sum on his person, and he offered to take an oath as to the truth of his statement.

"Silence!" replied the Lieutenant, "our information is certain. My time is short," he went on peremptorily, "and I have no time to waste in searching. I ask you for the second time to hand over the money. It will be better for you to do it at once."

But the Frenchman was not going to relinquish his treasure so easily. For the second time he denied the existence of the money.

"Very well," said the Lieutenant, "I have given you two chances to tell the truth. Now we must try a form of persuasion which we brought with us, in case it was wanted."

An order was given, and a soldier left the room, to return immediately with one of the long whips used by the Dutch farmers. The lieutenant took it and brandished it in the Frenchman's face.

"Look at this," he said ferociously, "this is an instrument for the backs of liars, who refuse their money to the just demands of the State. I ask you for the

third time, Where is that money hidden?"

The prisoner flinched at the sight of the long whip, and Drage could see the cold dew of terror break out on his forehead and around his mouth, but his covetousness was stronger than his fear, and he made a last appeal to the lieutenant.

"It is not true," he said, "I have no money here. I swear it."

The words chattered through his teeth, but they made no impression on the officer, who signalled to his subordinate to begin.

Drage had heard stories of the callous cruelties of some of the more uneducated Boers, and the horrible scene which followed was quite enough to confirm them, though the trooper was afterwards ready to admit that the lieutenant and his men were probably bad specimens of their class, and that their atrocities would not have received the sanction of the government they professed to serve.

In a few moments the Frenchman's coat and shirt were off his back, and Drage could see his white flesh gleam in the light of the lantern. What followed was too sickening even for the strong nerves of the trooper, and he confessed afterwards that, in spite of the fact that Faiblon richly deserved his fate, he was unable to look at a spectacle at which the soldiers laughed unconcernedly.

The man who was to operate with the whip was not long in commencing, and, as the agonised cries of the Frenchman rent the air, Drage longed for a revolver to create a diversion in his favour. At the fourth stroke, however, Faiblon confessed where the money was hidden. The flogging was stopped and the box was dragged from its hiding-place. But the brutality of the lieutenant was not yet satiated, and he ordered that the recruit should receive a dozen more strokes for having proved himself a liar.

The miserable man grovelled on the ground with shrieks and entreaties, but to no purpose, and the dreadful execution recommenced. Six more times the shriek of the Frenchman resounded through the room, and then Drage felt that he could endure it no longer. Just, however, as he was about to tear at the carved woodwork on the press, with the view



"THE GHASTLY FIGURE OF THE ENGLISHMAN . . . STOOD FRAMED IN THE DOORWAY"

of hurling a piece at the head of the lieutenant, there was a sudden interruption. The door of the room suddenly burst open, and the ghastly figure of the Englishman, with ashen face, matted hair and eyes that flamed with the delirium of fever, stood framed in the doorway. One arm hung loosely at his side, and with the other he pointed imperiously at the Free State officer. Whether he mistook the lieutenant for the Frenchman, in his frenzy, or whether it was that the Dutchman had the box beside him, Drage could not tell, for, as the lieutenant and his men stood staring in terror at their ghostly visitant, the madman snatched up the rifle of one of the soldiers, who stood against the wall, and fired it point-blank at the officer, crying at the same time in a choked voice: "Give me back my money!"

The Dutchman fell heavily, and the other, when he saw what he had done, sank on the floor again, his temporary access of strength exhausted.

In a moment the room was in confusion. A rush was made for the Englishman, and Drage expected that his last moment was come, when suddenly shots were heard from outside, the passage resounded with the tread of soldiers, and a party of Cape troopers rushed into the room, while another party came climbing in through the window. Drage's squadron had returned, and quietly surrounding the house under cover of the noise that had been going on within, had planned a successful coup. The lieutenant was already disposed of, and his men, taken utterly by surprise, surrendered after a very slight resistance. The prisoners were secured, and, when Drage had made his presence known to his astonished comrades, he was soon helped down from the hiding-place, from which he had witnessed so many curious incidents. He told his companions the story of the Englishman, as far as he knew it, and they were not long in doing what they could for him. After a time he partially recovered, and by propping him on the horse of the dead lieutenant, while Drage himself took that of the Frenchman, the whole party rode back in safety to the English lines, bringing the money and the prisoners with them. The treacherous Faiblon, who lay in a corner of the room half-dead with the

pain he had endured, was left with food and water by his side (so much humanity demanded) to shift for himself.

What became of him Drage never knew, and cared but little, though, as he visited the farm some time afterwards and found only the dead body of the lieutenant, he presumed that he must have got away, perhaps to be commanded by the Free Staters for their army.

As to the Englishman, he recovered under the doctor's care in camp, and, when he told his story to the troopers, and related how he had taken Faiblon as a partner into his business in London, and how that scoundrel had robbed him of every penny he possessed, and left him with a wife and child to face ruin, and of all the hardships he had endured, till at last he had run the thief to earth, they willingly handed his money over to him and wished him a prosperous journey home. It was some time before he could get away from camp, and he and Drage often talked over the adventure, and the latter, who loves to have a yarn to spin, thinks himself well repaid for his uncomfortable experiences on the press, by being able to tell all corners of his extraordinary adventure in the farm in the Free State.



IN

SEARCH

OF

THE

CORONA

WRITTEN BY GERTRUDE BACON

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



THE CORONA

SINCE every two or three years, roughly speaking, a little party of scientists leaves our shores for various more or less frequented corners of the globe. They carry with them a number of queer-shaped and bulky packages marked "Scientific Instruments, with great care," and labelled, perhaps, to Siberia or the West Indies, Japan, Labrador, or the South Pacific. They absent themselves from their homes and relations for considerable periods of time, they travel many thousands of miles by land or sea, and they not unfrequently undergo much personal inconvenience and privation, not to mention actual risk, from fevers, hostile natives, and the like. And for what?

Literally for the sake of a shadow; for a momentary glimpse of a vision that may or may not appear to them; for a ghostly mysterious *something* which nobody understands, which is often hidden from their eyes, so that all their toil is vain, and which, under the luckiest circumstances, shows itself for scarcely five minutes, and generally for very much less; for a fickle, fleeting, but gloriously beautiful goddess, whom they worship under her name of "Corona"!

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Among the many questions which exercise astronomers at the present day, none possess greater interest for them than the nature of that mysterious appendage of the sun which is visible only during the few scant moments of a total solar eclipse. Not only is it in itself an object of most surpassing beauty, but it is also so far in great measure inexplicable, while its careful study seems likely to lead to many and important discoveries concerning the actual state of the sun himself, which, considering how much we owe to that luminary, we may be naturally anxious to learn. Nor is it to be wondered at that our knowledge of the Corona is at present so meagre, when we remember how rarely it is to be seen and for how brief a space. Putting together all their opportunities during the past fifty years, astronomers have had perhaps an hour's glimpse at the phenomenon, and though since photography has lent its aid to perpetuate, in some degree, the fleeting vision, our knowledge has been greatly increased, still the time at disposal is woefully short, and it behoves scientists to lose no possible occasion for adding to their information.

The pursuit of the Corona, like that

of the Holy Grail, drives its seekers into the desert, and to the uttermost ends of the earth, and even then they are sometimes unable to keep pace with the wandering shadow, as, for example, when it chooses the North or South Polar regions for its path. An eclipse, too, that confines itself only to the ocean is also very little use from an observational point of view, for more stability is required for astronomical instruments than a ship at sea will allow of. Luckily eclipse seekers are not easily discouraged, as one sample instance will show. An eclipse, lasting the almost record time of five minutes and twenty-four seconds, was "advertised" for the 6th of May, 1883, and here, at least, eclipse-hunters have a pull over hunters of other kinds. They always know, to a fraction of a mile, where their quarry will appear, and to a fraction of a second when it will arrive. The Corona can be absolutely relied upon to keep its appointment, though unfortunately there is no such depending upon clouds, sandstorms, and the like terrestrial phenomena, which may intervene at the last moment, to the undoing of the luckless observer.

On this particular occasion the path of "totality," that is, the narrow band of shadow cast across the globe—thousands of miles long, perhaps, but only a very few miles broad—in which the sun appears wholly obscured, touched no continent, but spread itself over an unfrequented part of the South Pacific. But maps showed the fact that one tiny atoll in a little group of coral islets lay full in the track, and astronomers in England, America, France, Italy, and Austria laid their fingers on the spot in the atlas—Caroline Island on the outskirts of the Marquesas—and said "We will go there."

Beyond the bare fact of its existence, out in the watery waste of mid-ocean, nothing concerning this speck of land was to be learned beforehand. But this was enough for the eclipse hunters, and thither they betook themselves and their instruments with all speed. They found the tiny atoll to contain a cocoa-palm plantation, three houses and a shed or so, and to be not over popu-

lated by four men, one woman, and two children, but it sufficed for their purpose; and though threatening showers came up on the morning of the eclipse day, yet the clouds broke just in time, as if they had not the heart to disappoint so much zeal and enterprise, and observations, many and brilliantly successful, formed the well-earned reward.

One of the members of the little party who congregated on Caroline Atoll was the famous M. Janssen, surely the most indefatigable science seeker that ever lived. In the winter of 1870 he was one of the many thousands of souls imprisoned in beleaguered Paris by the Prussian army, and stood no better chance of escape than did the rest. But an eclipse of the sun was to occur on the 22nd of December, visible on the shores of the Mediterranean, and what others dared not venture for the sake of friends and fortune, that M. Janssen did for a glimpse of the Corona. He left besieged Paris in a balloon, with a stout young sailor as his assistant, carrying with him in the car the essential parts of his telescope. He descended safely at the mouth of the Loire, and was enabled to proceed to Algiers, where, it is sad to have to relate, his bold attempt did not meet with the success it so well merited, for to his great chagrin—as that of many other observers of all nations—clouds hid the sun at almost every place along the line of totality. Almost the only successful observations on this occasion were made at Syracuse, by the members of a little expedition who had actually suffered shipwreck on their journey out without being deterred from their purpose.

It is mournful to record that there has been a tragedy in the history of eclipse work. That one bold seeker after the truth lost his life under circumstances as sad as they were heroic, and died manfully at his post, a veritable martyr to the cause. Perhaps no more devoted astronomer ever existed than the late Father Perry, S.J., Director of the famous Stoneyhurst Observatory. He had been a member of more astronomical expeditions than any man now living, and had undertaken many long and arduous voyages, notwithstanding the fact that he was always

a sufferer from sea-sickness to an extreme degree, and life on ship-board was to him one long penance. In 1889 he undertook the leadership of the Royal Astronomical Society's expedition to French Guiana, to observe the total solar eclipse visible there on December 22nd. The spot chosen was the penal settlement of "Royal Island," one of the "Isles de Salut," of which group Devil's Island, of infamous repute, is a member. The unhealthiness of this locality is well known, and worn out by his unremitting exertions, Father Perry soon fell a victim to the prevailing sickness. But the eclipse day was approaching, and much had to be arranged and set in order, and not for one moment would he yield to his bodily sufferings and relax his labours. The day came and found the Father, though utterly prostrated by dysentery, that most painful of maladies, at his post directing every detail of an elaborate and exhaustive plan of campaign. Twenty-five minutes before totality a great black cloud obscured the sun and threatened dire disaster, but at the critical moment this had cleared away and enabled the now dying astronomer—braced up beyond his strength by his indomitable will-power—to make his exposures and carry through what he knew to be the most successful and brilliant series of observations he had made in all his long experience.

So elated was he with his success that he called upon his blue-jacket helpers for three cheers upon their triumph, adding sadly, "I cannot cheer," though he waved his hat in token of his participation. Then, his work over, he passed away in the height of his victory; and surely Nelson, breathing his last in the cock-pit, amid the thunders of his crowning mercy, had a humbler, though not a whit less gallant, follower in the scientist dying at his post in a far land, happy in the consciousness that he, too, in his vocation, had done his duty.

Mention has been made of Janssen's balloon voyage, nor is this the only occasion when a balloon has come to the aid of eclipse hunters. The eclipse of 1886 was an awful disappointment to the astronomical world. The shadow

(or some of it) lay for once comparatively near home, the sun rising totally eclipsed at Berlin, and showing a blackened face along a line trailing across Russia and Siberia, and ending up in Japan. Never before had such a number of eminent scientists, with costly instruments, assembled from all nations, and spread themselves across the land, and surely never before had the failure been so complete and terrible, for clouds ranged themselves all along the line; nor was it possible, as was suggested at the time, for the luckless astronomers to "postpone the eclipse on account of the weather!"

Only one man was fully prepared for this disastrous contingency. Professor Mendeleeff, in Russia, procured a balloon with which to rise above the clouds, superior to meteorological conditions. In this he succeeded, and obtained almost the only view caught of the Corona, but at the moment of ascending, his aeronaut, either by accident or design, was left behind, and the professor, being a novice in aeronautics, was too much occupied with the cares of his new craft to bestow more than a divided attention upon the sun.

The last three or four years have witnessed a great increase in popular attention to eclipse expeditions. This has partly arisen through the birth and amazing growth of the British Astronomical Association, and partly through the eclipse of 1896, which approached as near to our shores as the north of Norway. It occurred in the propitious month of August, when holidays are the rule of the hour, and excursions to Norway form delightful and inexpensive summer trips. The idea of combining science with pleasure especially commended itself, and many expeditions were organised, chief among them being that arranged by the new society, and conveyed on the steam yacht, "Norse King." A mixed party of 200 ladies and gentlemen were by this boat conveyed beyond the North Cape to the little fishing town of Vadsø, at the mouth of the Varanger Fjord. Here among the haunts of that curious and unattractive people, the Lapps, they spent a happy week, while the instruments were being erected on a tiny



NORWAY ECLIPSE CAMP

island in the bay, given over for their special use. The work was carried through in most methodical fashion, the whole party, astronomers and pleasure seekers, organised into assistants, watchmen, time-keepers and what not, and careful rehearsals elaborately gone through. The eventful morning arrived, and the now well-trained and wildly-excited shipful left their beds at two in the morning, and took up their positions ashore, with a cheerfulness that gradually evaporated, and gave place to gloom, as the overcast sky grew every moment more leaden and lowering. Sadly the conviction dawned on all that all hopes of the Corona must be relinquished, and each gave himself up to making the best of a bad job, and enjoying what was really a very weird and awe-inspiring spectacle, though all scientific work was out of the question.

Neither did astronomers elsewhere fare better; and perhaps it was this general disappointment that raised a widespread interest in the next eclipse, which was visible in India eighteen months later. India was at that time still in the throes of plague, war, and famine, or the attendance would probably have been larger. As it was, quite a respectable number of astronomers and sight-seers were present; nor were they this time disappointed. Now at

the present moment general interest centres round the forthcoming eclipse, which is to be visible in Spain, Portugal, Algiers, and the Southern States of America; and there is genuine hope that on this occasion fortune will again favour the large number of people who are even now making their pilgrimage to the many available stations.

The routine at an eclipse is pretty much the same in every case, with slight variations due to circumstances. The first thing to be done is to fix upon a suitable spot, and here astronomers are guided first of all by the local meteorological conditions, which are carefully investigated, as far as possible, beforehand. Another important point to consider is means of transit for the heavy instruments, and this in an uninhabited or savage land may become a matter of grave moment. It is here that Government may step in to the rescue, and lucky are the astronomers to whom are granted the services of a gun-boat and crew. "Jack" is an essentially useful personage afloat or ashore, and it is usual in these cases to enlist the whole ship's company as observers or assistants, for the nonce and very valuable they are in either capacity.

Then, again, a Government official can do wonders in the procuring of

tents, etc., for an inland camp, as the late Indian expeditions have grateful cause to remember; and in their case, also, sufficient police guard was provided in the shape of picturesquely-attired and armed "Chowkidars." These preliminaries arranged, comes the careful adjusting of the delicate instruments; and this requires the utmost nicety and exactness. There are elaborate calculations to be gone through, observations of the sun and stars, testings with spirit-levels, theodolites, sextants and the like. How much depends upon the accuracy of his adjustments only the astronomer himself can fully appreciate, and he has ever to be on the look out up to the last moment to see that no settlement of foundations or other mischance ruins the work of weeks. One of the members of the American expedition to India, two years ago, was sorely hampered by the continued "settling" of the native-built support of his gigantic telescope-tube, and it is related how, in the very last moments before totality, the professor was driven to strong measures and a crow-bar to save his observations.

Then there is the matter of time to be taken into account, which must be known to the smallest possible fraction of a second. A dark-room has next to be thought of, and facilities for develop-

ing, not always an easy matter with a temperature of 90 deg. in the shade, and the water and solutions luke-warm. But all these, and a thousand other details, satisfactorily settled, the instruments *in situ*, the "sketching party" organised, the meteorological department arranged for, the assistants instructed as to their duties, and everything in train, there comes the rehearsals, when the time-keeper counts out the fateful seconds and the astronomers make their exposures, shift their dark slides, and otherwise employ themselves as they will on the day itself.

It can be readily understood that these rehearsals are very necessary, when it is remembered that many observers set themselves a vast number of duties to accomplish in a very limited time, and practice is all-essential to prevent a disastrous hitch. There are legends in eclipse circles of luckless photographers, who have taken two exposures of the Corona on the same plate, or have realised to their bitter grief, after the glorious vision has faded from their view, that a shutter has not been withdrawn, and no exposure has been made at all; and it behoves each member to be fully trained to his duties when the distractions of semi-darkness and intense excitement are added to his task.



PREPARING FOR ACTION

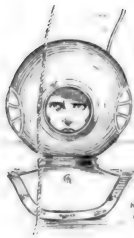
And oh! the anxious eyes that every minute search the skies as the fateful hour approaches, and the nervous tension so scantily hidden under the nonchalant air and the feeble joke! All things conspire together to add to the impressiveness of the event, and work up to the grand climax with quite awful effect. The stealthily gathering gloom that settles down from a cloudless sky; the birds with harsh, astonished cries, seeking their roosts as if under protest at this strange innovation. The vague uneasiness that affects the whole animal kingdom, the strange unearthly light fast fading, in which eager faces show white and ghastly. And then the thick black shadow that leaps across the landscape, while every heart gives a great bound as the time-keeper calls "Now!" and the silence is broken only by the click of the instruments, the short, hard breathing of the observers, and the passionless clock ticking out the seconds that flee as surely seconds never flew before.

"Half-time!" calls the watchman, and some among the party may now

lift their heads and gaze in rapture upon the gloriously lovely, ethereal, heavenly, halo that circles the black disk of the sun. Pearly white it is, with here and there a pink tinge on its inner rim. Right across the blue-black sky stream the lustrous rays, to where the stars are now twinkling, and the impression their weird beauty conveys is of something spiritual and ghost-like, some glimmering of an unseen world of which, in dreams alone, we may glimpse the outer fringe.

Vainly the beholder tries to impress indelibly upon his memory each detail of the spectral sight. The whole is too strange and bewildering; and see, already on the extreme edge of the disk appears a glowing star of light, before whose increasing brilliance the vision pales and fades, yet all-reluctantly, as if loth to go. The long streamers vanish first, and then the silvery ring narrows up on the side furthest from the light, and finally disappears altogether as the star grows to a crescent; the light comes flooding back over the landscape, and the long-awaited event is now past history.





THE

MINE



BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE BOER

• WRITTEN BY GILBERT HERON
(late Royal Marine Artillery)

ATTEMPT TO DESTROY THE SUBMARINE

MINES AT SPITHEAD, PREVIOUS TO THE

DECLARATION OF HOSTILITIES

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS H. STYCHE



OWARDS the close of the Naval Manœuvres of 1899 I was attached to that useful branch of Her Majesty's Service, the Submarine Mining Engineers, and stationed at Portsmouth.

The Harbour and its approaches are defended against the possible attacks of a hostile fleet not only by land and sea forts, but, more important, perhaps, than either, by an elaborate and carefully-thought-out system of submarine mines.

I was in charge of a certain section which need not be further particularised here, and it was part of my duty to periodically test the efficacy of the electric communication between the firing stations ashore and the mines themselves.

Owing to the extreme tension then existing between Great Britain and the Transvaal, the Admiralty had redoubled their usual vigilance, and in my own branch of the Service this had resulted

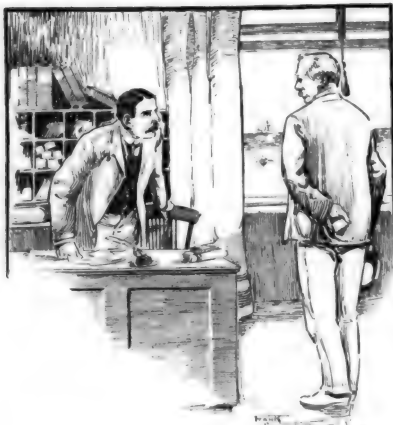
in more frequent and stringent testings of all the mining apparatus.

One morning, after we had been testing "observation mines"—that is to say, mines fired at any given moment by an observer ashore—one of the most trusted of my subordinates came to me and reported something wrong with an observation mine in the Spithead Channel.

"We've tried every test but the final one, sir," said he, "and there's a peculiar leakage of the current which we can't locate, so I thought it best to come to you, sir."

"Quite right, Price," said I, "tell me all about it."

He then entered into a long technical explanation, which had for its substance the fact that something must be very wrong with the mine in question, and they could not determine what it was. To make the matter the more serious, a couple of battleships, a cruiser, and several lesser fry belonging to the mobilised fleet were riding at anchor at Spithead, in the immediate neighbourhood of the mine, and it was this that had prevented the final test being



"'WE'VE TRIED EVERY TEST BUT THE FINAL ONE, SIR'"

applied—for it would in all probability have resulted in exploding the mine, and sending one or more of the men-of-war to the bottom.

The only conclusion I could come to, after hearing Price's story, was that the anchor-chain of one of the vessels had fouled the electric wires in communication with the mine, and in some way caused a leakage of the current.

"There's only one thing to be done," said I. "We must send down a diver, disconnect the mine, and then postpone further investigation until the men-of-war have left."

"Better do so at once," I added; "and, look here, Price—I'll go with you."

Consequently, about an hour afterwards, at mid-day, a boat with the diving apparatus on board left the dockyard, proceeded to a spot close to which the mine was laid, and came to, ready to send down a diver.

It was a somewhat blustering day; there was a choppy sea on, and I foresaw some little difficulty in carrying out our operations.

The great ships of war to right and

left of us were straining at their cables, and slowly swinging with the tide, and as I thought of the terrible destruction that would ensue should any mischance cause an accidental explosion of the mine, which contained 500 lbs. of gun-cotton, I realised the seriousness of the situation, and determined to don the diving-dress, and myself sever the wires connecting the deadly explosive with the firing key ashore.

Making my resolution known to Price, and entrusting him with the task of following my submarine movements, I prepared to go below.

Then, armed with an instrument for severing the electric wires, I slowly descended the rope ladder and disappeared below the surface.

I sank slowly, and as soon as my feet touched bottom, turned on my tiny electric lamp and looked about me.

Quite close to me lay the five-ton anchor of a battle-ship, two or three lengths of cable, apparently in inextricable confusion around it, half imbedded in the ooze and slime of the bottom.

It lay perfectly still and unmoved in the deep waters, and I leant against it and looked around.

A short distance from me I saw the conical body of the mine, and I cautiously felt my way towards it, the boat on the surface following my every movement, and paying out lengths of air-tubing as I required it.

Arrived at the great iron case, I carefully felt around the base, until I encountered the cables, which entered the mine almost on a level with the bottom of the sea.

I was about to sever them when I noticed a peculiarity which caused me intense surprise.

A few feet from where I stood two small wires had been attached to the main cables.

Without pausing to wonder how they came there, I moved towards them and laid hold of them—gingerly enough in all conscience, for I knew not what mischief might ensue from any rough handling of them—and followed the direction in which they led. To my utter consternation they terminated in an apparatus I at once recognised as a "receiver" for a wireless current of electricity!

Who had placed them there, and why? There seemed but one answer to my query.

Evidently some miscreants who had command of a wireless current, and who intended to explode the mine at their convenience.

A hundred confused ideas rushed into my mind, in the midst of which one thought stood out clearly.

Only England's enemies could have done this awful thing. We were on the eve of war in South Africa—might not the enemy in some strange way have tampered with our mines?

And then the remembrance of those fine ironclads above me, apparently in such security, in reality menaced by so terrible a danger, sent a thrill of wild rage through me; and I swore a great oath that I would leave no stone unturned to capture and punish the wretches who had done this treacherous deed.

Then I began to cast about in my mind as to the best thing to do under the circumstances.

Obviously, first of all to destroy the receiving apparatus, without which all the wireless currents in the world could not harm the mine.

I crushed the thing with my heavy diving boots, and then severed our own electric wires, thus completely isolating the mine and rendering it harmless. Turning, I was about to ascend, when I suddenly caught sight of another diver in the water.

It was so unexpected, that my heart seemed for an instant to stand still, as I stared in amazement at the figure before me.

Then I came to the conclusion that he must be the scoundrel who had tampered with the mine; and, resolving that he should pay dearly for his attempt, I cautiously made my way towards him, knife in hand.

The thought of the wholesale slaughter which would have resulted had his nefarious plan succeeded gave me sufficient justification for what I was about to do. It should be his life or mine; and as I slowly neared him I watched him narrowly—every nerve keenly on the alert for his first hostile movement.

But, contrary to my every expectation, the figure did not stir.

Then, as I waded towards him, I saw that a Higher vengeance than mine had overtaken him.

In some way his air-tube had entangled itself with the anchor cable of one of the very men-of-war he had been attempting to destroy, and it was a corpse which stood there, upright in the opaque, water, glaring at me through the goggles of his diving helmet, with lifeless eyes.

I paused for a few minutes regarding the solemn spectacle, and debating in my mind whether or no to ascend and inform them in the boat of what had occurred. It struck me as more judicious to leave things as they were for a short while longer, and to continue my investigations alone. I felt that at the end of the unknown's air-tube lay the solution of the whole mystery of his appearance, while his accomplices might even then be at work, secure in the thought of being entirely unsuspected.

Besides this, there might be other mines with which they had tampered, and should they happen to notice my

ascent, they would probably at once fire all the mines at their command, an event I was determined to prevent, even though it cost me my life.

Better, a hundred times, sacrifice myself than run the risk of destroying those hundreds of unsuspecting souls above me.

So I determined to go on alone, and destroy the apparatus which might cause such fearful havoc.

Taking the dead diver's tube in my

beacon, as it were—set in the depths of the sea bed.

Somewhat startled, I continued on my way, and at length, in a dip of the bottom, I caught sight of the origin of the mysterious ray.

It was a small electric searchlight, set in the centre of a large torpedo-shaped object, which after some seconds gradually shaped itself to my wondering consciousness as some sort of submarine boat.



"I PERCEIVED THAT THE RAY PROCEEDED FROM SOME SORT OF LIGHT—A BEACON, AS IT WERE—SET IN THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA BED"

left hand, and allowing it to slip through my fingers as I walked, I made my uneasy way along the bottom, and had not proceeded far when I noticed a peculiar opacity of the water, a ray of light gleaming through it obliquely, and producing an effect much like that of a brilliant moon shining through dark clouds.

The tube led along in that direction, and presently I perceived that the ray proceeded from some sort of light—a

Here, then, was the centre from which the malefactors had been working.

My mind was instantly made up. I would get aboard that boat somehow; and though I had no very clear notion at the time of how I was to effect an entrance, I cautiously felt my way along the rubber tubing, which still lay undisturbed at the bottom of the sea, until I stood quite close to the strange craft.

I then saw that the tube led right into

the boat on the under port side, through a small manhole, which stood open, affording a free passage to the water.

I happened to have been present at the trials of a submarine boat, made by Nordenfelt in 1885, and this boat seemed built on very much the same plan, judging from outside appearance, as the one I had personally examined.

Consequently I concluded that the manhole gave upon a space between the outer and inner hulls of the vessel—a space that could be pumped dry by the crew at will. Acting on this conclusion, I intended to enter the boat through the manhole.

Right amidships, surmounted by the searchlight, was a small conning-tower of plate-glass, with lenses in the centre of each plate, like the eyes of some great cetaceous monster.

Within I could see the figure of a man, strangely magnified by the action of the lenses. Luckily his back was towards me, and realising that I must remain unobserved, I quickened my speed to the best of my ability, till I was almost up to the open manhole. At that very instant he turned and saw me.

But here Dame Fortune befriended me, for the look-out, evidently mistaking me for his comrade, made several signals with his hands, the import of which seemed to be that I should get aboard at once.

So I stepped into the open space, a terrible thought flashing through my mind as I did so.

The closing of the trap would inevitably snap my rubber air connection, and by the time that the chamber was pumped dry, I should be a dead man.

But I had no time for reflection, for simultaneously with my thought the plate slid to behind me. Snap went my poor rubber tube. There was a sudden feeling of frightful pressure. It seemed as though a giant hand had flattened my whole body in its grip, and there came a loud ringing of bells in my ears.

A terrible feeling took hold of me—it seemed as though some awful doom were impending; blood-red flashes came and went before my eyes; I was held down as in a vice. I began to lose all

feeling, when suddenly the weight was lifted from my head, and I could once again see clearly. They had begun to pump the chamber dry, and the water had subsided below the level of my broken air-tube.

Oh, the intense relief of that first breath of air!

It was almost hot, and none too fresh, but it was life again; and as I opened my lungs, and took in great draughts, I felt the blood once more beginning to circulate.

The pressure on the rest of my body now gradually decreased as the water sank lower and lower, until at length I stood upright in a sort of tank, which seemed to run fore and aft the entire vessel. A couple of glowing incandescent lamps showed me every feature of the place. There were three circular manholes in the inner skin of the boat, similar to the one through which I had entered. They were marked in Roman numerals, I. II. and III., and through No. III (the after one) the air-tube, at one end of which lay the dead man, entered the body of the boat through the centre of the plate.

With some little difficulty I now removed my diving helmet.

Evidently members of the crew had been in the habit of removing their diving suits in this place, for several implements such as divers require lay scattered on the deck, with the aid of which I soon divested myself of the remainder of my diving dress. There was a lever next the centre of No. III. manhole, which I took hold of and moved to the left.

As I did so the manhole revolved, leaving a large opening, through which I now passed.

It closed after me automatically, and I found myself in a small compartment, fitted up with numerous electric switchboards, an Edison telephone, and various other electrical apparatus.

Evidently electricity was the motive power of the whole vessel.

I had hardly taken a glance around, when a gong sounded at my elbow. It was attached to the telephone, and I took down the receiver, placed it to my ear, and listened.

I did not dare to speak, for I had no

idea of what language they might use, and I did not wish to betray myself prematurely.

"Are you there?" came the enquiry in the finest Cape Dutch.

My suspicions were correct then, was the thought that flashed instantly through my mind. Luckily, I have a smattering of the language, and was able to reply.

"Yes. What is it?" I said, my heart thumping violently with the fear of discovery.

The voice at the other end then gave some orders, which, having but a limited knowledge of Dutch at my command, I did not fully comprehend. At last, however, I managed to make out the following:—

"Have you fixed the last mine? If so, we'll be off at once, and get to the pre-arranged position and fire the whole lot, and blow the d——d *Englanders* to blazes."

"Not if I can help it," thought I; but I merely made answer, "All is ready."

"Very well, then, turn her nose out to sea, E.S.E. When we get to 1° W. 50' 45 N., pull the ascending lever, and as soon as we are at the surface, come on deck and see me."

From his conversation, and my knowledge of Nordenfelt's 1885 model, I had no doubt that it was only when the boat was at the surface that the crew could meet. Until then, we were confined to our own particular compartments, from each of which stations the boat could be navigated.

I looked around me, and saw a compass and a small steering wheel, and at once formed a plan to frustrate the rascals. I knew exactly the position of Portsmouth Dockyard. The entering channel heads almost exactly N.N.W.

Instead of taking the boat in the direction I had been ordered to, I would take her straight into the dockyard. Once there, I would send her to the surface, and there would be but little chance of escape for either boat or crew, for a few signals from me would at once bring help from the guardship, or any of the other men-of-war that happened to be at hand.

There were a number of levers near

me, with their several functions set forth on them in French; and the small steering wheel already mentioned, which I seized. The boat's head was E.S.E., and, putting the wheel hard over, I headed her N.N.W. Then, taking a lever marked "Full-ahead," I pulled it towards me.

From somewhere forward came the subdued tinkle of bells, and all at once I felt we were moving.

It was an eerie feeling, this hurrying along below an element which I had hitherto only traversed on the surface. The craft quivered and creaked under the enormous pressure in every bolt and rivet, and all around me I could hear a continuous buzz of machinery, as if we were literally sawing our way through some solid substance, instead of the mobile element we were in reality passing through.

Something gave me the impression that we were already travelling at a very considerable speed, and the sequel showed that our rate of progression must have been enormous.

It was hardly likely that my steering a wrong course would remain unnoticed, and with pulses throbbing, and breath coming thick and fast with excitement, I clung to the wheel, waiting for the inevitable discovery.

I had not long to wait. Almost immediately came a furious ringing of bells at the telephone, and then the angry inquiry, "What the devil are you doing? You're taking us right up the harbour!"

Then my caution at last broke down, and I grew suddenly reckless of consequences. "Yes, you scoundrels," I shouted with a fierce joy. "And in a few minutes you'll all be prisoners on board a British man-of-war." Then I seized a lever marked "Ascending," and gave it a vicious tug.

I felt the boat incline almost vertically upwards, and, as I caught the echo of a muttered oath through the telephone, there came a terrible shock, the whole place seemed one enormous sheet of livid white flame—and then I knew no more.

* * *

It appeared, afterwards, that in my erratic steering of the boat I had come

into violent collision with a small electro-contact mine, and automatically completed the firing circuit. It contained 50 lbs. of gun-cotton, and had been sunk in a remote corner of the harbour, at a sufficient depth to be out of the reach of ordinary traffic, and as the boat flew upwards, it collided with the under portion of the mine. Small as it was, it was more than enough to wreck the vessel which had caused all the mischief, and send its crew to their fate. By a miracle I got off with a severe bruising, my escape being no doubt due to my having been stationed in the aftermost part of the boat.

My own diving boat, having given me up for lost, was on its way back to the dockyard, and, hearing the explosion, at once made for the spot, and picked me up in the nick of time.

Sufficient remains of the submarine boat were afterwards recovered to establish its identity, and to prove beyond doubt that I had been the means of preventing the fruition of a dastardly plot to destroy the mines and war vessels in the harbour, before the actual declaration of war, in much the same way that the Spaniards acted with regard to the U.S. battleship "Maine."

Since then, the Admiralty have adopted a new method of electrical defence for all submarine mines, and any vessel rash enough to attempt the clandestine destruction of either forts, ships, or mines, would inevitably meet the same fate as that which I unwittingly dealt out to the Submarine Destroyer of Spithead.



THE WIND IN THE WOOD



A BREEZE from over the seas
Is telling his heart to the trees—
Hush, and listen, hush, and listen!—
The breeze and the branches kiss,
And under the blue abyss
The green boughs glisten.
Oh, how the wood with soft emotion
Thrills to the wind's devotion!

Hid in a song and a sigh,
The breeze has a message for you
Do you not understand,
You, with the wee brown hand
That seems so content to lie
In mine while the hours go by
Like birds in the blue?

Hush, and listen again!—
A voice is repeating, repeating
A lover's refrain of absence and pain,
Of gladness and greeting.
Ah, Sweet, I have nothing to tell
Untold by the breeze above you—
The winter is past—all's well, all's well!—
I love you, I love you!



UMGENI (HOWICK) FALLS

A
REMINI-
SCENCE
OF
NATAL
IN
1884-85
ILLUSTRATED
BY
PHOTOGRAPHS

SOUTH AFRICA is, and has been for many years, a centre of interest to every civilised nation in the world; more especially to every English-speaking nation, their interests and influence being paramount there. At this moment the pulse of the nation quickens at the very name of South Africa, and the events of the hour, the fortunes or misfortunes of our brave troops, and the progress of the war fill every mind, and are on every tongue.

Much has been written, and much valuable information is daily being given to the public about South Africa; but there is still an almost insatiable desire for more knowledge of the wonderful land, in which the flower of Britain's manhood, from home and from her Colonies, is now engaged in a life-and-death struggle for our Imperial rights, and the good of the native races over whom we hold sway.

The scene of the hottest strife and carnage was in Natal at the beginning of the war, and though the interest no longer centres there, but extends to the whole of our possessions in South

Africa, I would venture to offer a few reminiscences of a visit there in 1884-85, aided by jottings from my diary, the better to secure accuracy.

Natal has been called the Garden of South Africa, and I think it well deserves the name. As the steamer from the Cape rounds the Bluff and enters the bay, one sees the white town of Durban lying amid green, at the foot of lovely Berea, a wooded hill dotted with villas and bungalows.

I landed at Durban on Christmas Day, 1884. Oh, the heat of that day, and its utter unlikeness to a Christmas Day in England! Every thing looked foreign and strange. The light summer attire of the people just returning from Church, the admixture of coloured men and women in the white or gay dress of the Indian, or the more varied, though less picturesque, costume of the native. There was a festive feeling in the air, and you had but to turn into St. Cyprian's Church, as I did, to know that it was Christmas Day. The old familiar texts, "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given," "Immanuel, God with us," and others, bearing the glad tidings of the birth of

the Saviour, hung upon the walls; and though the blaze of flowers, with their sweet and somewhat heavy perfume, told of tropical growth and profusion, and the pillars were wreathed with the delicate asparagus fern, instead of our holly, ivy, and yew, the spirit of Christmas was there as at home, and the strains of the joyous anthem "Glory to God in the Highest" still lingered in the air, carrying the thoughts thousands of miles away.

Durban is a fine town, with white, low-roofed houses, and shops and stores quite equal to those of many large English towns. There are several Churches, the largest, St. Paul's, is still incomplete, having neither tower nor spire. This I thought somewhat of a disgrace to a town which can boast of the finest Town Hall and clock in the Colony. This clock with its Quarter Jacks, is the pride of Durban, and no wonder. Its unexpected and dearly familiar sound is quite startling to the ear of the newly arrived, and it is well if it does not awaken a little home sickness. I heard no peal of Church bells, and could not help hoping the time would soon come when one would be heard pealing with glad heartening sound over the bay.

St. Cyprian's is the centre of a living and active Church work, not only among the white population, but among the natives. The then vicar, the Rev. H. F. Whittington, also started a mission amongst the Indians, which was doing most important work at that time.* There are several very handsome public buildings in Durban, notably the Government Buildings, the Theatre Royal, the Club, Library and Reading Room. Trams run along the wide streets side by side with ox wagons drawn by six, ten or fifteen yoke of oxen.

There are many beautiful houses at the Bay Side standing in their own

gardens, and everywhere the air is redolent of flowers and fruit. Oranges and lemons grow in profusion, grapes, pines, mangoes, grenadillas, bananas are all in perfection at this season; peaches and loquats come a little later. The "West End" of Durban is the Berea. There the wealthy and merchant members of the community have stolen from nature, homes of beauty and delight.

In 1850, where now good roads cut the side of the hill into terraces, and handsome houses stand in their own gardens, the Berea was covered with impenetrable bush. There lions and leopards found their lair, stately elephants broke down the tender young trees, and bucks herded together in the shade, or bounded down the steep sides to the veldt below. White sandstone precipices still gleam between the trees, and stretches of park-like scenery delight the eyes as you climb from terrace to terrace. The higher you climb, the purer and fresher is the breeze from the sea, and you forget the heat and dust of the town, and feel as if you were looking upon the "promised land."

A great deal of thick bush is still left, and is alive with bright coloured birds, chattering monkeys and gliding snakes. The vegetation is semi-tropical. The eucalyptus, graceful palm and bamboo, the castor oil and senna trees, immense prickly-pears, red-tipped aloes, bananas and other strange tropical plants and trees grow side by side with the familiar fir and oak; and creepers, many with gorgeous and heavily scented flowers, interlace and hang from the boughs.

The climate of Durban is trying to the residents in summer, and they are glad to exchange it now and then for the drier heat of Pieter-Maritzburg, or they seek nearer refreshment at a lovely spot beyond the Isipingo, where the air is lighter and the river Umzim-Kulu flows through exquisite scenery.

Pieter-Maritzburg was my destination, so I could only spend two days in this land of delights.

The distance from Durban to Maritzburg by rail is seventy-five miles, and you have to accomplish an ascent of 2,000

* The Rev. Canon Booth, M.D., has carried on this work in an admirable manner. Aided by Mr. Ghanki, an Indian barrister at Durban, he organised and trained a corps of stretcher-bearers, which rendered invaluable assistance to the wounded after the battle of Colenso, and during the severe fighting at Spion Kop and Vaa Krantz.



THE RIVER UMZINKULO

feet. You are not, in this wonderful journey, simply climbing one hill, but going up and down and round about hundreds of hills or kopjes, the name so familiar to us all since the war. For about thirty miles there seemed to be scarcely as many yards of level ground, and the hills lie in all directions, like waves and cross-waves of the sea.

It is impossible to describe the general effect of this scenery—a painter could hardly do it. You would get a truer effect as to *form* if you modelled hundreds of balls of paste into different sizes, first throwing them into a heap, then taking a clean slice off the top of some, laying the fingers in deep scores down others, and dimpling a large one here and there with a broad, light pressure of the finger tip. In these last, light and shade play hide-and-seek, and you long to run up and down the green slopes. Some are wooded, and in the valleys, patches of mealies and Kaffir-corn ripple in the breeze.

Fancy a railroad going over, round and through these hills! There are gullies, spanned by unsafe-looking

bridges; but you escape alarm by not seeing the danger until you have passed it. Having got safely across, by-and-by the line takes a loop and brings you back to a full view of the awful chasm and the frail-looking bridge you have traversed. No wonder, you say to yourself with a shudder, we went so slowly, and had time to note the faces and different shades of colour of the Kaffirs at work on the bridge, leaning on their spades or picks to watch us as we rumbled by! I believe this line is constantly in need of repairing and strengthening, especially in the summer, the time of heavy rains, and we saw several gangs of Kaffirs at work.

Where the cuttings are made the earth exposed is of a rich, deep red, the colour of terra-cotta, and is very beautiful against the green.

The trees we passed were little more than scrub, and nearly all strangers to the English eye. Brilliant flowers grew on many of them, especially on one called the Kaffir-boom. There was the fragrant mimosa, and the quaint tree-fern, and twice I saw arum lilies in great quantities growing by the side

of a stream, which was also fringed with lovely ferns. Cactus, aloes and prickly-pears grew in drier places.

Now and then we came upon a Kaffir kraal, always near a stream, their huts exactly like big beehives.

Most of the Kaffirs we passed wore very scant attire, but I saw one fine old gray-haired fellow sitting alone on a hill, dressed in a soldier's scarlet coat, and he looked as if he felt himself very fine indeed.

At a place called Botha's Hill—where you halt, and, if you please, dine—the scenery is bold and grand beyond description; and from another point you can count eight Table Mountains, the tops sliced off quite straight, in the way I have already described. At Botha's Hill the trains from Durban and Pieter-Maritzburg meet, and there is often quite a little social gathering in the waiting-room, of friends and acquaintances from both towns. At a small hotel called the "Half-way House" near Botha's Hill, the body of the Prince Imperial rested on its way down to the coast, watched by its guard of honour. The Empress also stayed there on her way, going and returning from her visit.

The good hostess, Mrs. Welch, loved to talk of her sorrowing Imperial guest, widowed and bereaved of her only son, and would end her tale with "Ah! the 'Empress!' She was a real lady."

The rest of this four hours' journey is less strikingly interesting, though the scenery is still very lovely, and at length you reach Natal's beautiful capital, Pieter-Maritzburg.

Pieter-Maritzburg lies in a hollow surrounded by hills. As seen from the town the hills are not imposing-looking, but bold in outline. The highest is 1,100 feet.

The streets are very wide and handsome, and many of them have open streams, or *sluits*, as they are locally called, on either side. The main streets run parallel, and are crossed by shorter ones; and, as nearly all the houses are detached, and stand in their own gardens, with here and there rows of trees in the street itself, the effect is very charming. This is greatly enhanced by the rich red colour of the

firm clean roads. One would call them *roads* rather than streets, though the principal thoroughfares have wide, carefully kept causeways, neatly edged with stone. They are not yet vulgarised by the useful tramcar, or cut up by tramways, but ox-wagons trek slowly along or stand still, the great gentle oxen lying down as if life were a holiday, and there was nothing in the world to be done, then or evermore. The general holiday look of Pieter-Maritzburg struck me very much in contrast to busy, mercantile Durban, and I never lost the impression.

Will my reader try to picture the main street as I now recall it. Carts heavy and light, cabs white tilted, carriages of all sorts pass and re-pass the slow-moving wagons. Here is an imposing equipage, there a light carriage with enormous wheels, called a spider, drawn by a pair of strong little Basuto horses. That fine pair of bays in the Victoria, driven so adroitly by a native servant would not disgrace Hyde Park, and behind it comes a smart little wagon with a span of sleek oxen yoked to it, a native boy running at the side with a whip or *sjambok* in his hand much longer than himself. Horsemen and horsewomen show to advantage, and here is an officer from the camp on the hill, his white helmet and accoutrements glittering in the sun.

Picture all this to yourself, and then add a sprinkling of pedestrians, not many English ladies, the heat is too great for much walking, but a few gentlemen are braving it under large white umbrellas. Those natives dressed so neatly in tunic and trousers of blue, red, white and striped cotton, are house servants, and those great fellows in the simple attire of a sack with holes for head and arms are the rough workers of the community. The giant unloading the wagon is head and shoulders above most of the passers by. See that picturesque group of Indians, a young woman almost entirely veiled in white with a gray-bearded man, also dressed in white, walking at her side, and beyond them a superb woman in crimson and gold-coloured cotton, twisted in an indescribable and

perfectly artistic fashion round her graceful form. She has an enormous basket of fruit upon her head, but seems to make nothing of the weight. The fingers of one hand just touch it, and the curve of the bare brown arm, laden with massive silver bracelets, is perfect. The little man in white tunic, trousers and turban, a yard or two in advance of her, is probably her lord and master. He throws her a remark now and then over his shoulder without turning his head. Picture all this, and add to it the delicious fragrance from the gardens and creeper-laden verandas, fill the air with the hum, buzz and boom of insect life, and you have a faint idea of the enchantment of Pieter-Maritzburg, the Queen of Natal, in her "Sleepy hollow."

The town boasts of a very good Market Square, with its handsome Market Hall and Post Office, and fine view of the tower of the Dutch Reformed Church. The Square and Post Office present a lively scene on mail day. The weekly arrival of the English mail is announced by the firing of a gun, and instantly a crowd begins to gather at the entrance of the Post Office. There is no delivery of letters from house to house, but any one for the sum of £1 per annum, may have a private box into which his letters will be sorted, and he takes them out with his own key; the rest are delivered over the counter, in the usual way. Servants take their masters' post bags, and there is a great meeting of friends, and general rejoicing.

St. Saviour's Cathedral stands in the next street, and the iron cross at the end of the building may be seen from the Market Square.

It is a pity that St. Saviour's is still incomplete. It was built by the energy and zeal of its venerable Dean, the Rev. James Green, so well known as the champion of the Church in the Colenso troubles, and though it is a living power and the centre of all good in the colony, as a building it hardly answers to our European ideas of a Cathedral. There is no suitable residence, either, for the Bishop. Bishopthorpe, occupied by Bishop Colenso, was burnt to the ground shortly after his death, and has not yet

been replaced, and Bishop Macrorie lived in his own very pleasant, but not at all palatial house. Government House seemed to me unworthy of the Colony. It is insignificant as a building, and has poor surroundings, but doubtless these deficiencies will all be remedied in time. There are no diamond or gold mines as yet discovered in Natal, and what has been done represents much energy, devotion and self-sacrifice. The life of the young Colony is rich and vigorous, and Britain has no possession of which she is more proud and hopeful; and Fort Napier on the hill reminds us that we have won, and are holding, this pearl for our Queen and Empire.

As a centre of Church work for the Diocese Pieter-Maritzburg is active and expansive. I cannot, in this short article say what I should like on this subject. I could grow enthusiastic in speaking of what I see and hear of the work organised and carried out, amidst unusual difficulties, by the Bishop and his devoted staff of clergy and Mission workers. I could tell of the excellent work done amongst the natives and Indians; of St. Albans Diocesan College for native men and boys, which has trained Catechists, Deacons and Priests for the Mission-field, and taught useful trades to hundreds of its scholars; of the Indian Church and schools; of St. Margaret's Home for Kaffir girls; St. Agnes' Home to shelter young Kaffir servants, who go out to work in the day and cannot return to their kraals at night; of the Mercy House, the refuge of the poor and unfortunate amongst the European women; the schools in connection with St. Saviour's; and last, though by no means least, of St. Anne's Diocesan College for girls, where daughters of Colonists receive a high-class education on Church lines. I could tell, too, of splendid work going on in more distant parts of the diocese, at Howick, Springvale, Pinetown, Greytown, Estcourt, Ladysmith, Newcastle, Dundee, etc., etc., but that work has better biographers, and I must leave the subject.

I must say a few words about Grey's Hospital, a handsome, and commodious

building standing in good grounds. I made the acquaintance of its excellent and very popular medical officer, Dr. Allen, and its charming matron, Mrs. MacDonald, and was much pleased with all they showed me, and with all I heard of its efficiency and usefulness.*

There is a separate building for the accommodation of sick natives. Some appreciate it and some do not, as I judged by two stories told me.

One poor fellow broke his leg just above the ankle, on the veldt, at some distance from Pieter-Maritzburg, and dragged himself to the hospital—a feat of fortitude and endurance impossible, I should say, to the finer sensibilities of the white man. He went in perfect confidence that he should be taken in and cured. Another poor fellow, when told the doctor had done all he could for him, and that he had not much longer to live, said he could not die at the hospital, he must go home to die; and his brother wheeled him two miles in a wheelbarrow, to his own kraal and friends.

I had the pleasure of an introduction to two men, whose honoured names are recalled to mind at this time. His Excellency the then Governor of Natal, Sir' Henry Bulwer, through whose wise, earnest efforts the Zulus and their country were saved from utter destruction when the Boers would have absorbed Zululand; and Sir Theophilus Shepstone the Zulus' "big white chief," their beloved "Father Sompseu." Strangers to the history of the life of the kindly English gentleman, living in simple retirement in Pieter-Maritzburg, would have been amazed to find in him the most potent factor in the affairs of Zululand for ten years, their King-maker and lawgiver, who was more honoured and feared than the Natal Government, or even "The Great White Queen beyond the Seas," whose majesty and power he had tried to impress upon them.

Now I must leave Pieter-Maritzburg and take you to Howick and the Karkloof, further north, the region lately raided by the Boers.

* Grey's Hospital has been devoted, since the war, to the reception of fever and dysentery patients from the front.

Howick is seventy miles distant by rail, which takes a detour; it is about fifty by road. It is only a village, with a tiny church, a sprinkling of gentlemen's houses, and a very fair Hotel, for the accommodation of the visitor to its beautiful Falls. Here the Umgeni river takes a leap of four hundred feet, over bold rocks, and falls without break into a subterraneous passage it has forced for itself below. The foregoing photograph gives one an exact view of the Umgeni Falls in winter; but when I saw it in summer, the rainy season, there was an immense volume of water pouring over and completely hiding the rock which, in the photograph, separates the fall. Part of this huge volume of water thunders into the chasm, the rest flows placidly along, and the river empties itself into the ocean, just above Durban. There is a ford in the Umgeni at some little distance above the falls, which may be easily crossed in the dry season, but in the summer storms it is converted into a roaring torrent. The river rises sometimes very suddenly, and then it is most dangerous. I was told that an ox-wagon was once crossing the ford with apparent ease and safety, when one of these sudden risings occurred, and wagon, oxen and driver were carried over the falls into the unfathomable abyss below, and heard of no more. I was the guest of a member of the Natal Legislative Council, Mr. Sutton. Fair Fell, as his house is called, is on a hill higher than the Falls and the view of the village on the plain beyond and the distant range of mountains make a fine panorama.

In Mr. Sutton's garden I was delighted to see many home favourites. Foxgloves grow between the stones of the verandah, and my first movement at sight of them was to seize a bloom and snap it as children do. Alas! My bad example was quickly followed by a tiny girl at my side, who had not found out till then that foxgloves *could* snap. Under the window of my room sweet peas, verbena, white lilies and roses flourished as at home, and ivy clung to the wall. I could have thought myself at home, as I leaned out to receive a leaf of straw-

berries, only that a little while before I had seen a snake wriggling towards that ivy, with the intention, I suppose, of paying me a visit. It was instantly killed by a son of the house who was passing by, and its head struck off before I could cry out, "Put it into a bottle." I thought of a little boy at home who would have been delighted to have it, but I soon had a much more formidable specimen to send him. There are many snakes in Natal dangerous to life, the *Mamba*, black and green, which will attack you unprovoked, sometimes springing from a tree upon horse and rider, and if it misses you, a full grown *Mamba* can wriggle after you quicker than the horse can gallop. These terrible creatures are fortunately more rarely encountered than other snakes, but the puff-adder is more to be dreaded, as you may meet with it anywhere, especially in the long grass of the veldt. It seldom attacks unless it is trodden upon, but as it is given to lying about in a torpid condition, and if seen at all in the long grass, can scarcely be distinguished from a dry stick, it is not at all an uncommon thing for an unfortunate passer-by to put his foot upon it. Then the snake instantly turns and strikes backwards, and the bite is deadly, causing death in a few hours if the poison is not sucked from the wound or the place cauterised and an antidote taken. The Kaffirs are often bitten, as their footfall is noiseless, and their limbs bare, and neither they nor the snake have warning. A Kaffir when bitten usually kills the snake with his stick, tears out the poison-bag and drinks its contents. This is said to be an antidote to the poison, and on the principle of "like cures like" it may be, but many die. There is a short, thick snake with a very deadly bite. It hides amongst the stones and will come out to attack. A valuable dog was bitten by one of these snakes about 4 p.m. and died during the night, though every means possible was at once used to save him.

The soil at this charming place seems suitable to a great variety of trees. Maple, walnut, elder, American butter-nut grow with the elm and oak, and many familiar flowering shrubs, inclu-

ding the *seringa*, while in the orchard, amongst grapes, oranges, lemons, natchas, grenadillas, and other fruits of the country, are fine varieties of apples and pears, with peaches white and yellow, and apricots in great profusion. Ringdoves were cooing; canaries, and another sweet little songster whose name I don't know, made a grove of lovely trees musical, and on the greensward beneath danced a graceful very tiny deer called a *dyka*; brilliant-hued birds flitted from bush to bush in the garden; honey-suckers of various kinds, blue, purple, red and green, with wag-tails, robins and wrens, not much unlike our own. The insect life is much more varied and profuse—several varieties of the grasshopper species; the locust, the musical cicadas and the most unmusical screamer—a kind of locust with a green coat, enormously wide mouth and goggle eyes, which I have known to settle in swarms on a tree near the house and make such an unbearably discordant din that the only thing to be done was to send out a band of Kaffir servants to beat them off the trees with their sticks. Butterflies vie with beetles in beauty and variety, and in the evening, when the lamps were lighted, lovely moths, large and small, some of them glittering like gold and silver, flitted through the open windows.

I was much fascinated by the *Mantis*, or Hottentot god. It is a pretty creature, brown or green. I believe it takes its colour from its food or surroundings, as so many insects in these tropical countries do, as a protection against their enemies or to aid them in search of prey. The first I saw was the colour of a young peapod, with vermilion spots on its fore-legs, which are very long and have strong claw-like feet, with which it seizes its prey. The whole body and wings have a hard case like a beetle, but the spade-shaped head turns round on a very thin neck in an uncanny manner, as it watches you or its prey. It is from two to four inches in length. It carries its food to its mouth with ooth its long fore-legs, and it is this attitude while eating, that has given it the name of the "Praying Mantis."

and makes it an object of reverence to the Hottentot. It has no claim to reverence, as it is both voracious and savage.

The *Mantis* has an extraordinary vitality, as I proved when I impaled three of them upon a card to send home. I did this in the evening, under the following process—first I gave a dose of chloroform, then performed a surgical operation, filling the empty body with chloroformed cotton wool. After this I carefully fixed them on to the card with gummed paper. The next morning all three had burst their bonds and travelled some distance from the card!

This story of mine was received with some incredulity by a party of young friends, until their father, a doctor, showed them an article in *The Lancet* on muscular vitality. This article declared that a *Mantis* after it had been beheaded went on feeding its trunk with flies!

Space fails me to tell of the beauties of the upland between Howick and

Estcourt; of the drives in an ox-wagon, a spider, a carriage drawn by four untrained horses, and a sleigh by six young oxen, up hill and down dale, through rivers with precipitous banks and rocky beds, flying before a storm of thunder and lightning, or sheltering from hail that it was dangerous to life to face, joining in picnics to lovely spots under cloudless skies, and sharing the always ready and bountiful hospitality of scattered homesteads by the way. All this and much more I could tell of lovely, peaceful Natal in 1885. And *this* is the country, our own fair possession, which now is invaded and raided and devastated by our white neighbours in the Transvaal, who owe their wealth and prosperity—and not many years ago their very life and existence—to England, her wise Government and generous aid. God defend the right, and drive back our foes from hill to hill from valley to valley, till peace reigns throughout the land, and oppression and injustice are unknown.



A PICNIC NEAR HOWICK



THE Lost RELIQUARY

A AND
STORY CHARLES
OF THE
LOUIS XI. DAUPHIN

WRITTEN BY ERNEST DE BALZAC.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. L. SHINDLER

LOUIS XI., King of France, first of French Kings to be called, "Most Christian King," was the son of Charles VII., and born at Bourges in 1423. Perhaps of all those all who have filled the throne of France, he has ever been the most detested. Perhaps of all men who have striven to build up an evil reputation, none have ever been more successful than he.

Picture to yourself the form and nature of this "Most Christian King," and a vision will arise before you of a lean, round-shouldered man, of small mould, whose thin and nervous hands are for ever clasping and unclasping each other with a cruel intensity that is not pleasant to see. Gaze into the face of the figure you have raised before you, and you will find it is strangely

like that of a rat. The sharp, restless eyes are there that flit upon you for a moment, and are gone. The long, straight nose is there that seems to ferret out your history and sniff upon you for the scent of treason.

Add to this picture a pair of shuffling feet, and you have Louis, as he probably appeared at the date of this story, that is to say, in June, 1481.

But if you desire to delve into the mind that hides behind those restless eyes, you set yourself a hard task. It is such a fantastic mind, and it is made up of such singular contradictions.

You will find in it wild suspicion, and most trusting confidence. Avaricious cravings, and a love of lavishness. Audacity to astonish you, and timidity to disgust you. Mildness to-day, and cruelty to-morrow.

From which you will see that

Louis XI., was no easy master for a man to serve.

* * * *

One bright June evening, a brilliant little cavalcade of steel-clad knights and court worthies came cantering through a soft green glade, where a stream ran singing, and all the sky above peeped with blue eyes through the netted trees.

In the midst of this cavalcade was borne along a richly caparisoned litter, the long poles of which rested upon the shoulders of the four finest men in the King's guard.

The curtains of the litter, which were closely drawn, were made of the lightest and most elegant silk, having upon them the three mystic fleurs-de-lys (or Louis' flowers) in honour of the Holy Trinity; and to show that he who reclined behind them was of the blood royal, and King of France.

By the side of the litter a handsome boy, of eleven years, rode a well-groomed and highly-spirited pony, whose every manœuvre he guided with a hand well practised at the reins.

This boy was Charles the Dauphin, in two years time to ascend the throne of his despotic sire, and to stand in history as Charles VIII., with a record of warlike deeds behind him. At present he stood in mortal peril from the terrible old King in the shrouded litter, who could never decide whether to embrace or behead him, and so did neither, contenting himself—if such a thing were possible!—by watching the poor boy's every movement with shrewd suspicious eyes.

For Louis, like all tyrants, lived in the daily fear of assassination and plot. And who would gain so much by his death as the Dauphin? No one!

The cavalcade moved onward through the glade, and the woodland became more open, and the green-sward sloped downward to where the winding stream put on full strength and men had thrown a bridge to cross it. Once over the bridge, and through another bit of woodland, and then the great long road to Paris appeared dotted with little hamlets right up to the gates of the ancient city. The jingle of the harness and the murmur

of the courtly voices now commenced to attract some human attention, and peasants toiling in the woodland and by the river paused in their work to raise sad frightened eyes to the glitter of the solemn company. When they saw the fleurs-de-lys upon the curtains of the litter, they dropped to their knees just where they chanced to be standing, and prayed, as they were bidden on pain of death, for the health of "the most Christian King," just as though the Host were passing.

And indeed Louis counted himself scarce a whit less holy, and believed that he held his throne and kingdom to the entire satisfaction of the powers on high.

But now a very uncomfortable thing happened, for no sooner did the cavalcade get well on the long road to Paris, than the sudden snapping of one of the embroidered leather traces of the litter, nearly caused "the most Christian King" to tumble out and sprawl upon the ground in what would have been anything but a kinglike manner.

As it was, it brought everything to a halt, and everyone to a state of terrified perspiration. The Dauphin dismounted, and Louis was assisted to the road by fully a score of most obsequious hands.

The vicious old King commenced immediately to pour forth prayers and curses in a most lavish manner.

"Oh, blessed Saints," he piped in a querulous voice, as he stood soaking with the sudden fright upon the highway, "an' I had not lost the sacred reliquary of your thrice holy bones which I was ever wont to bear upon my bosom to gain your sweet protection blessed Saints, this sore warning of your deep displeasure would not thus have visited me. But I crave your fair indulgence." Saying which, he shut his eyes, pulled the cap from off his head, and made the sign of the cross with it upon his breast, for his other hand was occupied with the handle of his staff, upon which he leaned with some weight, at the well-known angle of old age.

Having performed this pious feat, he opened his eyes sharply, and, swinging his staff about him in a semicircle,

managed to catch the Dauphin an unpleasant crack across the shins.

This paternal act appeared to soothe the feelings of "the most Christian King" in an extraordinary manner, for, after hurling a few taunts and curses broadcast amongst his retinue, he began to shuffle down the road with the sole aid of his staff, calling out to the Dauphin and the cavalcade, to follow him. At the period of this story, there stood some two or three hundred yards along the road to Paris, an inn of good repute known by the picture on its swinging sign, "*La Pêche Miraculeuse*," in which the Lord and His disciples were seen, in very small boats indeed, dragging in highly impossible nets of enormous fish from one of the roughest seas imaginable. Towards this inn went Louis, and his son and his retinue followed with marked discretion.

There were signs within the inn—laughter and song—as though some considerable company were merry at a marriage feast, and at the open door stood a young man attired in a rich dress, and with a very fair girl beside him. One glance would easily suffice to show that these were the newly married pair. The bridegroom appeared to be of noble birth, or at least of some exalted position, for a servant in a handsome livery, having occasion to pass him, saluted him in a most respectful manner.

This picture was not, by any means, lost upon the old reprobate and his retinue; on the contrary, it caused Louis to blink his eyes and to knit his brows.

"Hi, hi!" he called, as he slowly advanced towards the inn door, "who is this young man of silks and jewels—Holy Cross! one of our court, surely—who must needs wed against our knowledge, and hide his love feast at an inn? Guards, attach his person."

This was done instantly, before the young bridegroom had time to even place his hand upon his sword. But his desire to have done so aroused all the venom in Louis' nature. The old King screamed with rage.

"God's death!" he spluttered, "is there no one with a carabine to shoot

me this dog who dares to resist our will?"

The young, fair girl, who had stood as though bereft of reason, at this raised a terrible cry, and threw herself at Louis' feet.

"Sire," she gasped, "no, no, not death!—Spare him—spare him—what harm have we done? Look, sire—he and I—will leave France—we were going to leave France——"

Louis seized her arm with his long fingers, and that so roughly, that she winced at his grip. His rat eyes shifted about with a great look of fear in them.

"Leave France?" he hissed. "Hi!—leave France for England?—Secrets of our Court for Edward's ears?—Plot with the English King against our throne?—not so, not so, ye leave not France, for in one grave——" he trailed off into unintelligible mumblings, still holding the girl's arm in his grip.

Suddenly his eyes fixed themselves upon the face of the young bridegroom, who now stood, with folded arms, a stern figure surrounded by the guard.

"I know a face like thine, wretch," said Louis, "but an older face—I will bethink me."

He dropped the girl's arm now, and took his chin in his hands; his old face puckered up like a withered apple as he thought.

Dead silence fell, and there was not a movement in the group.

All at one Louis gave vent to a perfect snarl, and, shuffling up to his prisoner, struck him across the face with his staff.

The young bridegroom struggled in the firm embraces of the guard.

"Dog," snarled the old tyrant, "dog and pig, I know thee! Thou art the son of that arch-dog Baptiste D'Aussay, who plotted against our sacred life and throne with Charles the Bold of Burgundy!—Wretch, I had thy father sawn asunder——"

"I am not his son!"

"Silence!—Thou shalt now die likewise."

"Oh, sire—my husband!—Oh, High and Mighty Prince——"

"Such they call Edward of England! 'Tis the English title! Girl, thy treason is assured! Ye shall both die."



"LEAVE FRANCE?" HE HISSED. "HI!—LEAVE FRANCE FOR ENGLAND?"

At this moment the peaceful ringing of a convent bell swept up to them, borne on the wings of the summer breeze. It was the Angelus.

No sooner did Louis hear it than he pulled off his cap, and, kneeling upon the sharp flints of the road, prayed to the Virgin with a fervent voice. The bell ceased.

"Amen," said the old Enigma, putting on his cap once more, and rising to his feet again with the help of the Dauphin and his staff. "Amen. God be merciful to me, a sinner." Then he turned him about with zeal to the business in hand.

"Segrais," he called to an ill-visaged man wearing the royal livery of a body servant, "take thy whip and strike me this woman across the shoulders to the tune of thirty strokes. By Peter's chains, we will show forth our displeasure upon traitorous women!" But the man named Segrais hesitated; all eyes were turned in more or less appeal to Charles the Dauphin.

The young Prince stepped forward to his evil sire.

"Your Grace," he said, "the hour waxes late; you are weary with much journeying; the dark comes down apace; and to the westward lie heavy storm clouds. Suffer yourself to rest at the inn this night, and in the morning deal with these traitors. Sire, your arm." Louis stood in doubt, but as he lingered, a vivid flash of lightning rent the sky, and a peal of thunder seemed to crack the heavens.

"Blessed Saints," he piped, "your vengeance for the lost reliquary still pursues me. I feel your anger in the lightning and the thunder. No peace for me until I find again the casket of your holy bones. Half my kingdom would I give to repossess it; even the life of the Dauphin would I give, as Abraham offered up Isaac, if by that act I could stand well with you, and hold again your relics in my hands."

The heavens opened, and the rain, in torrents, came hissing down.

Louis, that "most Christian King" shuffled with great haste up the steps of the inn, leaning hard upon his staff and on the Dauphin's shoulder. He

turned when he stood 'neath the shelter of the porch.

"Guard those traitors!" he cried; "place them in some upper room. Let me not hear nor see them till the morning, ye shall all perish an' they escape you!"

So he entered the inn and abode there that night, much to the discomfort and terror of every living thing around him.

* * *

Brightly gleamed the dawning over "that pleasant land of France." It glowed on the ancient woodcutter munching his black bread as he trudged his way to the cool green forest. It glinted on the armour of the knight-errant pouring forth his morning lay to the eyebrow of his mistress. It glowed in the tiny lancets of the monastery in the valley, and cast roses on the grey faces of the ecstatic monks. It glimmered in the darksome chamber of the "most Christian King," who dreamt, no doubt, of heaven. The sudden drawing of a bed curtain, and the consequent flood of light upon his pillow awoke Louis to a new day, and to the Dauphin.

The little Prince stood with his hand upon the curtain, and with his earnest eyes fixed upon the withered King. Louis was too dazed by this unusual proceeding to gather his full wits on the instant, so he lay quietly with his rat eyes blinking on his son.

"Good morrow, your Grace," said the Dauphin; "God save you."

"God save thee, thou undutiful cub; show to me thine hands, that I may see thou hast no poniard to stab thy King and father withal."

The Dauphin held out his innocent hands, and Louis grunted his satisfaction.

"I would fain hear again," said the Dauphin, "what thou would'st give to recover the lost reliquary."

At these words the old King's wits grew keen enough.

"God's bones!" he piped, flinging aside the coverlet, "it is found! it is found!"

"Not yet," said the Dauphin gravely, and sat him down by the old King's

pillow. The boy was wonderfully brave in this early dawning, perhaps because so much depended upon his being so.

"Your Grace," said the Dauphin, re-arranging the coverlet with a gentle hand, "yesternight thou would'st have given half thy kingdom to repossess the reliquary; what wilt thou give this morning?"

"Wretch!" spluttered Louis, "thou hast found it, then! it is in thy possession! or perchance thou hast stolen it! Holy Cross! if thou hast played the thief—thou shalt die."

"Well said, your Grace," answered the Dauphin, and he sat silent, exchanging glances with his sire.

It occurred to the wily old King—for the first time—that the heir to his throne was becoming a diplomat at an uncomfortably early age, and he made a mental note of the fact that boded no peace to the Dauphin.

"Boy," he said, and he drew down his night-cap well over his ears, "what is this news of the lost reliquary that thou darest not tell thy King and father?"

"There is no news, sire," answered the Dauphin, "save that the reliquary is found."

The old King raised himself on his elbow, and directed towards his little son a look of anything but parental indulgence.

"Found? found?" he spluttered, "and thou hast had courage to toss words—and fence thy thoughts with the King? By the head of St. Denis the blessed (pray for me, sweet Saint!), if thou dost not place the reliquary of the thrice holy bones within my hands before the matin bell—thou shalt to Paris as a prisoner!"

"Sire," said the Dauphin, "so be it. Upon the granting of my request I will lay the sacred relics on thy pillow."

"Wilt thou so?" shrieked Louis. "Guards! Guards! Herbay! Voiture! Tallard!"

Three tall men in armour rushed into the King's room, but paused on beholding but the Dauphin and Louis.

"Why do ye pause, wretches?" demanded the old reprobate; "search me the Dauphin; he has concealed

about his person the reliquary of the thrice holy bones!"

"Gentlemen, you hear the orders of your King?" said the Dauphin; "I will set you an example in obedience," and he motioned to them that they should search him.

Reluctantly they did so, under a close fire of suspicious glances from the rat eyes of Louis.

"Well, well, well," demanded the old King, beating the pillow with his hand, "what find ye? what find ye?"

"Naught, your grace," answered the the man named Herbay; "the reliquary is not upon the person of the Dauphin." In this his fellows acquiesced. But Louis cursed them all for a set of knaves and fools, and crawled from his bed, apparently with the intention of satisfying himself as to the truth of their words, when another thought took possession of him.

"The traitors of yesternight," he muttered, standing in the middle of the room and rubbing his lean hands, "in my sleep I had forgot them. Bring them hither. They shall be examined before me, and I will have them shot in my presence. Holy Saints! the landlord will have somewhat to tell to his guests concerning this chamber: I will make it haunted for him!—Help me back to my bed, dogs, and bring me the traitors."

Although there was general willingness—eagerness—to assist him as he desired, not one made a movement to summon the prisoners.

Louis propped up by his pillows, noticed this, but said never a word. There was an embarrassed silence, and the Dauphin shifted uneasily about, and nervously toyed with the tassels on his doublet. At length, with a little gesture of despair, he said, "Your Grace, the prisoners are gone."

"Gone, my dear son?" repeated Louis in a mild tone—so mild that it chilled the hearts of all who heard it—"and whither are they gone?"

The Dauphin remained silent a moment, and then, "I will make a good confession, my father," he said. "It is true the prisoners are gone. At the turn of the night with my own hands I released them, and set them free. That

young man, thy prisoner, saved my life in the hunt when I was but a little child beside thy knee—the Dauphin shall not forget good services."

"Heigh," said Louis, still speaking in that terrible, gentle, voice. "What dost thou plead to mitigate thy treason to thy King?"

"I plead naught," answered the Dauphin boldly. "I buy from thee their freedom by the restoration of the lost reliquary. Last night thou would'st have given half thy kingdom to regain the relic; this morn'tis thine for the mere lives of two poor creatures who never did thee wrong."

The cunning wizened old face amongst the pillows broke into an inscrutable smile. The old head shook gently from side to side and the rat eyes puckered up in a mysterious manner. Louis was evidently pleased with the Dauphin's craft, and glad that such a boy should succeed him. But having arrived at this thought, the old face lost its strange smile, and terror and suspicion chased each other over his features. It was clear that he realized also the danger of allowing the boy to over-reach him. But he had his own plan and he set to work with it.

"Charles," he began, still speaking mildly, "thou hast asked but a small reward for restoring to my royal keeping the reliquary of the thrice holy bones. Yet," he went on, "thou art wise in this, for what would avail thee now to possess half that kingdom which one day will be thine, entire?—Have thy present wish then, boy,—the prisoners are free. Go, bring to me the relic."

"Nay, your Grace," answered the Dauphin slowly; "it may not be until your Royal name be fixed hereto," and he produced a crumpled slip of parchment covered with lines scrawled in a boyish character.

Louis took the parchment, and again that curious mixture of expressions shadowed across his face. The Dauphin would not take his promises. Very slowly the old King advanced his hand for the pen his little son held out to him. Very slowly he affixed his royal name. "It is done," he said, and tossed the parchment to the Dauphin.

The Dauphin placed it carefully in the breast of his doublet, and left the chamber.

A moment later, he returned, and surrendered to the old King's trembling hands the reliquary of the holy bones.

"Oh, Saints!" piped Louis, kissing the crystal casket set with gems in bands of gold. "Oh, blessed Saints! Oh, holy Saints! No harm may come to me now that again I hold your relics in my hands!" And he fell to weeping and crowing and praying, as he rocked himself to and fro amongst the pillows of his bed.

The Dauphin stood before him now with eyes bent on the ground, and with a childlike submission manifest in the posture of his little figure.

The great tall men in armour stood upright with expressionless faces, as is the manner of soldiers who know the etiquette of courts.

Louis went on with his fulsome idolatry of the reliquary, and crowed and wept and kissed—making the only audible sounds in the room.

But, on a sudden he looked up at his son, and became silent. There was a pause.

Then the old King, clutching the reliquary in his hand, crawled once

more from the bed and tottered towards the Dauphin.

"Dear son," he said, and he patted the cheeks of the boy, "thou wilt make a great King that shall rule France wisely." He turned abruptly to his Guards—"Aye? will he not?"

"He will, your Grace!" they answered as one man.

"Yes," said Louis pensively, rubbing his chin. "Yes; a wise King. A great King."

The Dauphin flushed with the praise of his sire. "A great King," repeated Louis. "We see how that already his brow flushes to feel the circlet of our crown!—Wretch!" and he caught the boy by the shoulder and thrust him down before him. "He that plays with Kings must be master of the game!—Thou art not master yet!"

"Nay, your Grace!" implored the poor Dauphin, "but your little son that loves you well!"

"Loves well?" repeated Louis, "but I doubt thee!—Yet," and he bent down and caressed the boy's head, "thou wilt make a great King—a King that should do well with foreign courts—thy treaties will be sound. . . . And where did'st thou find the holy relic? . . . Ah, thou wilt make a puissant King!"



"HE THAT PLAYS WITH KINGS MUST BE MASTER OF THE GAME."

"Your Grace," answered the Dauphin taking heart again, "I found it in thy litter, deep down between the cushions."

"Aye!" chuckled Louis, "a diligent boy!—seeking where others had sought and found nothing—and finding it for his King."

Again the old reprobate kissed the casket, and now he crossed himself a dozen times.

"A good boy!" he piped, a "clever boy!—he will make a great King!—a clever boy?" he turned his question on his Guards.

They answered, "Yes, your Grace!"

"Yes," repeated Louis thoughtfully, "too clever for us yet. We do not need him yet. I shall live for ten years—twelve years;—France will not require him. We must protect him . . . guard him safely . . . hold him in readiness to ascend our throne . . . Ha!—the Bastile?"

"Nay!—your Grace!—Father!—father!"

"Yes!—the Bastile. Farewell my son. The Governor shall report to me your health and happiness."

"Father!"

"Attach his princely person, Guards! set out for Paris on the instant!—The Dauphin to the Bastile!"

"Father!"

"My signet; receive it, Herbay. Ye are all responsible for his life and conduct. Make speed away!"

"Nay, father!—take back the parchment!"

"On no account, my son. Take it with thee. It is thine—cleverly won. Read it each day in thy cell. It will be beneficial. Comfort thy heart; I shall o'ertake the prisoners. Herbay—be gone!"

A moment more, and Louis was alone.

"Sweet Saints!" he said, and he kissed the reliquary, "sweet, blessed Saints! I crave your fair indulgence."





ALBUM AND CORRESPONDENCE DEPARTMENT
(Parisian School of Photography, Fleet Street and Old Kent Road)

"SCISSORS

AND

PASTE:"

A

VISIT

TO

A

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

Specially taken for THE LUDGATE

WRITTEN BY D. T. TIMINS

PRESS-CUTTING

AGENCY

WE presume that almost every reader of this article has heard of a Press-Cutting Agency. In any case the title is self-explanatory. It is an agency for the supply to subscribers of all notices, paragraphs, articles, or advertisements dealing with any desired subjects, or containing mention of any given persons, which appear in

any newspaper, magazine or periodical published in Great Britain, Ireland or the Colonies. This does not at first sight sound a very difficult or complicated business to carry on, nor one calling for any special qualifications on the part of its employes, but in reality, as we shall show in the course of this article, it demands the most highly skilled labour.

The agency itself is emphatically an

outcome of *fin-de-siècle* life, and though of comparatively recent establishment, its business has now attained to very large proportions. And the reason for this growth is not far to seek. It is of the first importance to the commercial man to keep himself posted up both as to the state of the markets and also as to the condition of affairs which exists in different parts of the world. The contractor, to take one example, is always on the look out for proposed new works, with a view to tendering for their construction. Similarly in other walks of life—the artist, the author, the politician and the scientist are each of them anxious to keep in touch with public opinion and to become acquainted as speedily as may be with all new ideas or discoveries, or records of fresh progress which may be made in their several professions. It is to the world's Press that they turn for information, for therein is to be found a complete record of the world's life and thought. Naturally no busy man has time to read more than, at the most, two or three newspapers each day, and so it came about that, in 1883, a young foreigner, at that time resident in England, conceived the brilliant idea of starting a Press-Cutting Agency in London. It was an instantaneous success, and a branch was opened in Paris shortly afterwards; whilst, in 1887, a similar office was started in America.

Through the kindness of Mr. Woolgar, the head of the well-known firm of Woolgar and Roberts, we were enabled to witness all the various operations needful for the transformation of a complete newspaper, advertisements and all, into a pile of neat cuttings, each one of which is, after the removal of all superfluous margins, pasted on to a mount inscribed with the name of the newspaper, the date of its publication, and the subject dealt with by the paragraph, article or advertisement, as the case may be.

The *clients* of such an agency may be divided roughly into two classes: the first consisting of subscribers who desire cuttings dealing with special subjects, and the second of those who wish for personal matter. For instance: one subscriber asks that everything

which is published relating to the subject of "Shipping" shall be sent to him; whilst another wishes to receive all reports which may appear of his own sayings and doings, or, if he be an author, of his books. And be it here remarked that a contributory cause to the enormous recent growth of press-cutting work is to be found in the increasing number of celebrities or would-be celebrities. Mushroom folk abound to such an extent nowadays, that to be unknown amounts to a positive distinction. But the "Tittlebat Titmice" are, as will readily be supposed, good customers to the Press Agency!

When the agency was first opened, the bundles of cuttings sent out numbered from 800 to 900 per day. At the present time about 2,500 are daily made up, each packet containing on an average some thirty cuttings. Nor do these figures, large though they are, by any means represent the total number of subscribers, for there are many who desire cuttings upon out-of-the-way subjects or small personal matters, notices concerning which may not appear oftener than, say, once a week. The smallest parcel contains but two slips, and the largest any number between 100 and 150.

And now as to the actual procedure. As has been stated above, all important British, Irish, Indian and Colonial newspapers, magazines and periodicals are laid under contribution. From six to eight copies of every English daily paper are taken in, the weekly total reaching 2,000 and the monthly, with magazines, etc., 9,000.

We enter a large and airy room, in which, at three long tables, a large number of girls are seated, who cut out, mount and classify an average of 25,000 separate cuttings per day.

There is not the slightest appearance of haste or bustle, and yet the work goes on at lightning speed. The girls are seated in pairs, one being provided with a newspaper and scissors, the other with pen, ink and paste-pot. The first girl, who is called the "reader," must carry in her head a complete list of all the different subjects subscribed for, and also of the names of all subscribers for "personal" cuttings. This

alone is a feat which requires a long and special training for its proper accomplishment. The "reader" takes up the newspaper and gives the name and date thereof to her companion (technically known as the "filler-in"), who immediately writes it on the mount. She next proceeds to read the first paragraph, and informs her ally of its subject, which the latter also duly inscribes on her slip of paper. She then cuts out the paragraph, cuts off the margin, and, if necessary, as in the case of a paragraph which begins at the bottom of one column and finishes at the top of the next, passes it to the "filler-in," who in turn fastens them together, and pastes them on to the mount. In the case of a speech or report of public bodies, the various subjects dealt with must be separated, and very probably the names of the speakers also, one such report often containing matter for half-a-dozen different subscribers.

All this takes time to read. In reality the scissors and brain work almost simultaneously. The girls are trained to such a high pitch of perfection that they can grasp the subject or subjects of a paragraph or article by simply glancing at it, and the scissors are scarcely ever idle during the time in which the operator is ascertaining the gist of the longest article, or is dividing up the most complicated report. Incredible though it sounds, two skilled workers will perform the whole series of operations, from the first reading of the paragraph or article to its final addition to the pile of finished and mounted cuttings, in 20 seconds, and will cut up and mount an entire newspaper, advertisements and all, in an average of from 10 to 15 minutes! Let any one try to do this himself, and although he may be an exceptionally fast reader and remarkably quick with his hands, he will find that it will take him at least three-quarters of an hour to cut up an ordinary *Daily Telegraph*, even if he does not attempt to look out for peculiar subjects, such, for instance, as "Turnstiles," "Shooting Stars," or "Steeple Jacks," nor yet for mention of any names save those of very well-known personages.

When a newspaper is finished, the

pile of cuttings to which it has been reduced is handed to a "distributor," who takes the bundle to a long table, whereon are little gradually-rising heaps of classified cuttings. Each of the new cuttings is then dealt like a playing card on to the heap representing the particular subject of which it treats. Cuttings upon every conceivable variety of subject jostle each other on this table. To take but a very few of the heaps at random, we find in close juxtaposition, such widely differing subjects as "Tolls," "Corporal Punishment," "Drapery," "Beer," "Nurses," "Building," "Photography," "Wives," "Safes," "Golf," "Bloomers," "The Church," "Horses," and "Births"! Three times a day the sorting table is cleared and the cuttings taken away to be finally overhauled by the departmental manageresses. Perhaps the work of these young ladies is the most skilful of all. Let us watch the operations of the one whose duty it is to deal with "Parliamentary" cuttings, for which there will be several subscribers. She takes the heap of cuttings and rapidly sorts the slips into the required number of duplicate bundles, taking careful note the while that each subscriber receives a copy of every cutting, and should a single one be missing from any bundle, another copy of the paper in which it appeared is immediately ordered. The most remarkable feature about the work of a manageress is the great rapidity with which she will sort out a large heap into perhaps six separate bundles, each consisting of some fifty cuttings, and after having done so will duly note down that a four-line paragraph from the *Slocum-on-the-Marsh Slasher* is missing from one of them. This means that she practically memorialises the subject matter of each of the fifty cuttings as well as the names of the newspapers from which they are taken, and does all this whilst in the mere act of sorting them out! Until every bundle is absolutely complete, none are permitted to leave the office.

The following two examples of mistakes made by the distributors will suffice to show how unceasingly vigilant the departmental manageress must be in her search for errors, if she wishes the



CLASSIFICATION AND SORTING DEPARTMENT

bundles to be made up with absolute correctness.

In the first case, a paragraph appeared in one of the religious papers headed "Kensit Fireworks," which dealt with the recent anti-ritualistic demonstrations. It was duly cut out and placed with the heap of slips intended for Messrs. Brock & Co., the Crystal Palace pyrotechnists!

In the second instance, a look-out was being kept for notices of "Regimental Parades," cuttings upon this subject having been subscribed for by an officer in the Guards. One account of a "parade" sent up by a distributor was that of a number of stallions at an agricultural show!

Both the above mistakes were rectified before the bundles left the office, but in spite of every precaution, it is of course quite impossible to prevent a cutting from going astray now and again, as the following quotation from a recent issue of the *Siren* will show:—

"The Press-Cutting people are funny dogs! We have before us now a snipping from one of the agencies, headed 'What is a Schooner?' Instead of being told anything of a particular type of vessel, we are informed of the fact that a 'schooner' is a name given to a certain glass measure of beer! May we enquire if this is yet another insult to the Mercantile Marine?"

It is evident that "Shipping" must in some way or other have become diluted with "Beer."

The American method of performing press-cutting work differs somewhat from the English, and does not call for quite so much skill on the part of the "reader." Across the "herring-pond," the paragraphs are all marked with blue pencil and numbered, before the newspaper is handed to the "cutter." This procedure, of course, much simplifies the latter's work, but necessitates the employment of a largely increased staff.

It will be seen from the foregoing description that a Press-Cutting Agency employs very highly-skilled labour indeed. And this being the case, a good worker commands a fair salary. Girls commence at the age of 14 or 15 as "fillers-in," and whilst at this work they learn the nature of the subjects subscribed for and the names of the subscribers, and at the same time they are gradually trained to acquire that quickness of hand, eye and brain, and power of simultaneously using all three, without which they can never hope to rise to the position of being "readers." They next become "distributors" (the henchwomen of the "readers"), and the smartest of them finally attain to the dignity of full-blown readers. After two or three years of press-cutting work the girls obtain a vast knowledge upon every variety of subject, and have, moreover, trained their memories and their hands to a great pitch of perfection. For none but the really quick, clever, and intelligent can ever rise to be "readers," and even then at least two years' training in the office is required before they become fit to be entrusted with the work of the latter department.

The profession is one eminently suited to women—it is clean, wholesome, and fairly well paid. We have never seen a happier-looking body of workers, whilst overcrowding in the offices is an impossibility. In order that the work may be carried on with the utmost rapidity, it is necessary to leave plenty of vacant space for the inevitable litter and for the proper sorting out of the cuttings. Anything like over-economy in the matter of elbow-room would produce disastrous confusion. The hours of work are rather long, being from 8.30 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. on ordinary days, and until 2.0 p.m. on Saturdays; but on the other hand the rooms are perforce brilliantly lighted and spacious. Nor are the hours given above by any means arbitrary, for the offices close very much earlier on some days, though pressure of business is always sufficiently great to render it necessary that the girls should go to their lunch in batches, so that work is never com-

pletely at a standstill, whilst special events—such, for instance, as the Nile Expedition—entail an enormous amount of extra labour.

Of such events there has lately been a plethora. The Transvaal War, the Paris Exhibition, and the recent deaths of several eminent personages—notably those of the late Dukes of Teck and Westminster—have jointly brought about a heavy increase of business. In the two last-mentioned instances large orders have been received from their relatives for specially-bound albums containing obituary notices, a class of work for which this firm is famous.

A particularly fine album in two volumes, with a monogram in gold on the outside, has been prepared for the Marchioness of Ormonde.

Mr. Woolgar considers his "record" to have been accomplished upon the day after the opening of the Dreyfus trial, when no fewer than 280 cuttings from the morning papers were despatched before 11 a.m. to Dreyfus' solicitor in London!

In connection with the Press-Cutting Agency a new and rather curious business has sprung up. From the constant perusal of the world's Press, the members of the firm have obtained a varied and accurate knowledge of every possible subject, and this has led to the establishment of a "General Information" bureau. For instance, should their opinion be sought as to the soundness or otherwise of any particular company or stock, they know the exact estimation in which the undertaking is held by every newspaper, financial or otherwise, throughout the world, and can, therefore, give very valuable advice. Hence it comes about that hundreds of people avail themselves of the "General Information" department.

A special staff is employed to search old files of newspapers, etc., in the British Museum.

Subscribers are drawn from every possible class and grade of society, both in England and abroad, a great number of them hailing from South Africa, whilst the *clientèle* embraces such well-known bodies as the "So-

ciety of Authors," the "Royal Society of Literature," the "Institute of Journalists," the "Great Central Railway Co.," etc., etc.

Though actors and actresses are very good supporters of Press-Cutting Agencies, the greatest number of subscribers is drawn from the commercial world. The following is the order in which the various classes of subscribers take rank according to their numerical strength :—

1. For Commercial Cuttings.
2. „ Art and Science „
3. „ Literary „
4. „ Parliamentary „
5. „ Theatrical „

6. For Editors of Country Newspapers.

7. „ Prominent Persons and Institutions.

With regard to No. 6, it may be remarked that many of the smaller local and provincial newspapers would die a lingering death, from lack of the wherewithal to fill their columns, but for the kind offices of the Press-Cutting Agency.

Our best thanks are due to Mr. Woolgar for his kindness in giving us all the information which we required—more especially as this is the first occasion upon which he has ever permitted himself to be interviewed.



TO DAPHNE PRAYING FOR A FAVOUR

—♦♦♦—

If thou wilt pledge me with thine eyes,
 For words I will not ask,
 I count it as the highest prize
 In thy regard to bask ;
 Others, for words of love may seek,
 Which shall their hearts entrance,
 To me, a look will more than speak,
 I only ask a glance !

Though others pray to thee for words,
 I will not ask thy speech,
 Nor beg for song as sweet as birds
 That sing in oak and beech ;
 Though on your lips sweet smiles may dance
 As ever pleased man's sense,
 From thy bright eyes a single glance
 Is more than eloquence !

HORACE WYNDHAM.

ROSS OF WURRA-WURRA. (A TALE OF AUSTRALIA.)



WRITTEN

ILLUSTRATED

BY

BY

DAGNEY MAJOR

E. FAIRHURST



THE small settlement at Wurra-Wurra was in a state of pandemonium.

Ross, adventurer, bushranger, and the most accomplished of swindlers, had taken the inhabitants by storm, and most of the valuables they possessed. He had appeared when all thought him hundreds of miles away, and had decamped as suddenly and mysteriously as he had come, in spite of every one's assurance that Ross would meet with a warm reception should he ever appear at Wurra-Wurra.

The equanimity of the little settlement was not often disturbed, but Ross's visit had created a *furor* of excitement which threatened to completely wreck every bit of business in which the Wurra-Wurrians indulged. News about Ross was at a premium. Any one who could give the most brief account of the various dare-devil tricks in which Ross

had figured, was deemed a hero, and at once supplied with as much drink and tobacco as is good for most men on this side of the bridge—in short, it was truly astonishing how much every one knew about the bushranger when a fresh story meant smoke and spirits.

A cattle-driver, Jim Truck by name, from up country, was at the stores (which place did duty as a drinking shanty too) yarning to his companions, who drank in every word as gospel truth, wonderful tales of the daring escapades of Ross.

"He rides a magnificent black horse, I am told," said one enormous fellow with a thick, heavy moustache, "the fleetest-footed animal in all Australia. Being a stranger in these parts, might I be so bold as to ask the value of the stolen goods with which Ross decamped? My name's Sorter, my abode anywhere I can rest, and I earn my bread by my brains, and by a deficiency of that com-

modity in those with whom I do business."

Here, the stranger winked at the rest, and there was a general laugh.

"You're one of the knowing kind, Mr. Sorter," put in Jim Truck approvingly. "So you want to know the value of Ross's capture. I should say he swagged a clean three hundred—eh boys?" he said, turning to the rest of the loafers.

"Quite that," chorused the men.

"But do you know," began Jim again, turning to the stranger, "that Ross displays such extraordinary courage and pluck, that it strikes me there is something real good under his rough exterior, which hints at a splendid side to his character, but he is loth to reveal it. There must be some bright spot in a man when at the most crucial moments his better nature gains the upper hand. I have a sneaking admiration for Ross," concluded the squatter quietly.

"So that's your opinion of Ross, my boy, is it?" put in the first speaker with a laugh. "He hasn't got many champions like you; indeed, I should think you are his only one. Why, there's scarcely a settlement that hasn't a price on his head."

"Nor none unwilling to put his hand in his pocket to fee the hangman," returned another.

"No need for tipping the hangman," laughed a third. "Any one who had the stringing up of Ross would consider it a privilege."

"Put it that way, if you like," agreed the stranger; "there ain't much difference. Poor devil; he can never know what moment's goin' to be 'is last.'"

"Well, I've got a scheme for capturing Ross."

A murmur of approbation ran round the gathering, and for a few moments there was much clinking of glasses and thick clouds of smoke, which floated lazily to the humid atmosphere outside.

"Here's luck to the new venture!" cried the men, toasting off the remainder of the drinks: "and long may he hang!"

There was only one man who did not join in this queer toast, and that was Jim Truck. He sat through it all, perfectly unconcerned, drumming his fin-

gers on an overturned barrel, and enveloped in great clouds of smoke.

"I want money for my scheme," began the stranger. "Who'll offer to go security?"

"I—I—I," exclaimed a dozen men eagerly. "We will go security."

"Then Ross seems to be doomed," said the stranger. "Apparently he has not a single supporter; all are desirous of his death," and he laughed loud and long.

Jim Truck knocked the ashes out of his pipe, took a long draught from his glass, slowly wiped his mouth with his hand, and turning to Sorter, said:

"You're wrong, mister. All do not wish for Ross's death. I would do all I can to save Ross. 'E ain't done no harm to me, and 'e's a brave man."

There was a roar of derisive laughter.

"Jim Truck turning Christian," shouted some one.

"Go it, Jimmy," yelled another.

A few mugs, sawdust and sand were thrown playfully at the butt of the room, to all of which Jim paid no regard whatever.

"Maybe Ross has done our friend a good turn," ventured Sorter, when the noise had subsided.

"Maybe he has, maybe he hasn't," answered Jim Truck stolidly. "You ain't goin' to get a brass halfpenny out of me towards the capturing fund."

"There will be many willing to give your share, as well as their own," said Sorter knowingly.

"Let's have your scheme, stranger, and leave stingy Jim to himself," proposed a member of the Capturing Company.

"Well, boys," began Sorter, when silence once more reigned, "I want the best horse you've got in the settlement to ride to Valli-Valli to-night, and a hundred pounds for funds."

He paused to see the effect his words had produced. There was only a dead silence, and a stolid puffing at pipes.

"Valli-Valli, as you know, is a good eighty miles from here, and there's a report current that Ross has been hanging about there lately at a small sheep farm, and has been seen in the precincts of the farm itself. My belief is that he has bribed one of the servants to let

him in. My idea is to ride to Valli-Valli, and offer the servants still higher bribes to capture him. I intend gaining admittance if possible, and take Ross prisoner myself.”

“But supposing it doesn’t come off,” suggested some one, “the hundred pounds is gone and nothing to show for it.”

“That you must be prepared to risk,” said Sorter, with a shrug of his broad shoulders. “If every settler subscribed but a few shillings, the requisite amount could easily be made up. Tell you what,” he said, suddenly. “First, I’ll see how much money the servants will play their part for, and tell them that the promised amount will be doubled and paid if they succeed in overcoming Ross. If the plan fails, I will return the money—honour!”

The idea of a total stranger returning a hundred pounds, when he could decamp so easily, seemed so irresistibly funny to Jim Truck, that he burst out into peals of laughter.

Sorter ignored the laughter, leisurely filled his pipe and glass, and slowly scanned the faces of his companions.

“I will return the hundred pounds if it don’t come off,” he said again. “But I must have it,” he added, with a resolute look in his eyes. “Now then, boys, truck out.”

There were a few hurried whispers, then a long consultation, and finally the men put their hands in their pockets. The chairman of the evening, Tom Canning, received the donations in an old hat. Jim Truck did not come forward, and firmly refused to give a half-penny towards the capturing fund.

The news spread like wildfire through Wurra-Wurra, that a stranger had devised a plan for nabbing Ross, that he wanted a hundred pounds for his scheme, and that subscriptions would be welcome.

So it came about that a large and motley crew found their way to the stores, and gave their donations with grunts of approval or mutterings of disapproval, according to flushness of cash.

The necessary amount was at last obtained, tied up in a stout leather bag, and the chairman proposed the health of

the stranger and success to his undertaking. All responded with the greatest enthusiasm, and as the cheers rent the air, the stranger quietly made his exit, followed by Jim Truck.

“Sorter, one moment,” he cried, ambling up to him.

“Well, what do you want?” returned the other, somewhat gruffly.

“Don’t be hard on Ross,” pleaded Truck. “He saved the life of the girl I love, by an act of heroism as I have never seen equalled.” Then he grasped his companion by the arm, and whispered: “Are we well out of hearing?”

“Yes: yes: go on, man.”

“You promise you won’t tell anybody what I’m going to say.”

“There is such a thing as honour among thieves, they tell me.”

Jim Truck started and turned pale:

“D— you! No, no. What am I saying. Listen! I robbed my employer of a hundred pounds. His daughter is the girl I love.”

“Darn the man!” broke out Sorter, “D’yer think I don’t know that.”

“You!! Don’t look at me like that. Ah, you won’t give me up! It would break the girl’s heart. I wanted the money, and thought I could make it up, but I can’t now, and he will have me tracked.”

“For heaven’s sake, man, tell me something new,” put in his companion irritably. “What’s the girl’s name?” he asked suddenly.

“Violet Greville.”

“I thought so,” said Sorter, quietly. “I have met her, and she has mentioned your name. For her sake, I resolved to do you a good turn. Do you love her very much?”

“More than I can tell you.”

“And she loves you?”

“Dearly.”

“I love her too,” began Sorter hurriedly, as devotedly and purely as a man could, but she could never marry me. No matter why, but God forbid that she should ever marry so degraded a man as I. Now, Jim Truck, you have done me a good turn to-night.”

“I——” broke in the other. “I done you a good turn?”

“Yes, you have, and what’s more, .

you're the only man that ever said a good word for me. For this reason, and for the sake of the girl you love, and I love, I am resolved to carry out the scheme I proposed to-night."

"I don't understand you."

"Come close up to me. You admire Ross in many ways," continued Sorter, hurriedly.

"Yes, yes; I think he's a brave man."

"You would not see him captured?"

"By Heaven—No!"

"You will reveal nothing that I tell you? Swear."

"As God is my witness—no."

"Then give me your hand. I am Ross!"

"You!" almost shouted Truck.

"Hold hard, my friend, not so loud. Were I discovered, I should be lynched."

"Man, man," he said hurriedly, "don't you see why I am here? To save you! The hundred pounds I want is for you. I shall go to Valli-Valli to-night, and

place it in Violet Greville's hands, and you will be free to go back with a clear conscience. I shall return the amount to the settlement somehow. One theft more to my credit won't make much odds. Marry Violet Greville as quick as you can. More depends upon your keeping the affair secret than you dare hope for. Let nothing alter your decision. If I am ever caught, I will send you my horse—the only creature on earth which really cares for me," and something like a sob escaped the hardened bushranger.

"No, no, don't say that," cried Truck in a thick voice, wringing his hand. You are the bravest man in all Australia."

"Now then, stop that jargon. No, don't thank me. See, they are leaving the stores. If God's blessing is fit to come from such lips as mine, you and Violet Greville have it. Now, back to the stores—you first, I'll follow."

The mind of Jim Truck was so full



"GENTLEMEN, YOU HAVE AGAIN LET MR. ROSS SLIP THROUGH YOUR FINGERS. HE THANKS YOU FOR YOUR LIBERALITY."

of wonder and strange fancies, that on entering the stores, he was quite dazed by the gibes and jeers that greeted him. A few minutes later, Ross entered, and briefly thanking the men for their liberality, asked them to see him start off for Valli-Valli. A crowd assembled outside, following with its eyes the figure of Ross, as he slung the bag of money over his shoulder.

Suddenly he gave a peculiar, sharp whistle. A magnificent black horse dashed from a group of trees, hidden in the gloom. Scarcely had the animal reached him, when Ross swung himself into the saddle, and with mock courtesy said:

"Gentlemen, you have again let Mr. Ross slip through your fingers. He thanks you for your liberality."

And dashing his spurs into his horse's flanks, galloped out of sight before the astonished settlers realised how they had been fooled.

The language that escaped the settlers, when surprise had given way to anger, can be more easily imagined than described. All admitted that Jim Truck had got the better of them by refusing his share towards the capturing fund. Because he had been more wary than they, and had escaped an ignominious situation, the settlers were jealous, showing it in more ways than one. But this is human nature, and the Wurra-Wurrians were as human as most of us.

So matters went anything but smoothly with Jim Truck for some considerable time. Nevertheless, he put up with many insults, gibes and jeers from his companions, with complete indifference and not a little heroism, born of his admiration for Ross.

It was soon noticed that Jim was fast becoming a changed man, which called forth many comments from his companions.

Yes; Jim's nature was changed, through an act of unselfish devotion by a man who was admitted to be the boldest and the most daring bushranger who had ever run riot in Australia. He was seized with an intense love and reverence for Ross, and felt strangely sorry for the man who had loved Violet Greville so fondly but hopelessly. He began to wonder what would be Ross's end.

About ten days after the bamboozle of the settlers, Jim Truck was some miles away from Wurra-Wurra, looking after some cattle. At eight o'clock in the morning, he was preparing to leave for Wurra-Wurra, when suddenly he heard the steady galloping of a horse. He looked round, and to his amazement saw a headless rider, mounted on a black horse, galloping towards him. The rider never drew rein, but as he dashed past him, the voice of Ross said: "Remember your promise and marry Violet Greville." Then rider and horse plunged on out of sight!

Startled, and taken aback, Jim made for home. When he reached Wurra-Wurra in the evening, there was such an uproar among the settlers, that evidently something extraordinary had occurred.

"What's up?" he asked.

"Ross was captured a few days back, and had just robbed a bank. He was strung up this morning at eight o'clock, and his head severed from his body!"

"Good Heavens!" groaned Jim.

"Now then, lads," cried some one, "three cheers for the capturers of Ross." And a mighty cheer broke from the throats of the settlers.

Jim Truck thought his heart would burst.

Suddenly a great commotion among a group of men caused Jim to look up. People were flying in all directions. And this is what Jim saw—a black horse, mad with terror, galloping towards him. It was Ross's horse, carrying a headless rider!

Jim darted out to stop the animal, and caught hold of the rein, managing to check the animal's mad career. A wild, hoarse shout rent the air, as the men saw the ghastly burden fall over the horse's neck. In a moment, Jim had unbuckled a strap, and cunningly concealed within a pouch was a wash-leather bag containing notes and gold. A note was pinned on the bag, and on it was scrawled:—

GENTLEMEN,

I return the loan of one hundred pounds, and think you will admit I have paid you all to the uttermost farthing.

Jim, white and trembling, read this

out. For a moment there was a dead silence.

"Ross has paid back the loan," shouted some one.

"So he ought to have done, so he ought, so he ought," cried another, which was taken up by a hundred voices.

"Three cheers for the capturers of Ross," yelled a third. Another terrific

shout went up from five hundred throats. For a moment Jim forgot the horse. With a wild plunge it broke away, and galloped out of sight into the night beyond.

Had Ross seen the meeting of Jim Truck and Violet Greville, he would have counted his sacrifice as naught.



BALLADE OF DEAD POETS

"Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?"—*F. Villon.*

"But where are the snows of yesteryear?"—*D. G. Rossetti.*



WHERE are the bards who erewhile
found

High honour with the grave and gay,
Who sang, while mirth and ale went
round,

Of battle and the hard hand-play?
I ween they might no longer stay
Where men make mirth and festal
cheer;

But whither have they wandered, pray?
Where are the snows of yesteryear?

Our Shakespeare, by the Muses crowned
With laurel that endures for aye,
And blind old Milton much renowned,
And he who at the Tabard lay;
Nay! all who wooed and won the bay,
And now no longer roam our sphere—
Where, peradventure, do they stray?
Where are the snows of yesteryear?

They lie 'neath tumulus and mound,
Their dust is driven as the spray,
Or mixed with forces underground,
Where spring revives in their
decay.

To them the night is as the day,
Whoever speaks they shall not
hear.

Where go their fame and followers?
Nay!
Where are the snows of yesteryear?

Envoi.

Prince! whither waneth all away?
Can none but God our question
clear,
No other solve our doubts, or say
Where are the snows of yesteryear?

J. J. ELLIS.

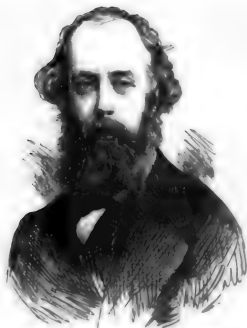
WANTED,

BOOKS

FOR

THE

BLIND.



DR. T. R. ARMITAGE (Early Portrait)

WRITTEN

BY

ISABEL BROOKE-ALDER.

ILLUSTRATED

BY

PHOTOGRAPHS.

ALITTLE while ago, an acquaintance of mine, who is pleased to consider herself a generally well-informed woman, ruthlessly destroyed my illusions in regard to her enlightened state of mind, by telling the following anecdote at her own expense:—

"I went to tea with my particular gossip last Wednesday, for the express purpose of meeting Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, who had promised to be there. I had been reading her latest book and was anxious to encounter the author. She got there first, and just as I came in she was saying, 'Yes, "Isabel Carnaby" has had a most gratifying success in England, and since it is being translated into several foreign languages, I suppose it must possess some qualities which will give it life abroad too. All that is satisfactory, but what really pleases me most is that it is going to be done in Braille!'

"That is indeed delightful,' replied our hostess, with such marked enthusiasm, that I, like an impulsive idiot, enquired, 'where in the wide world do they speak Braille?'

"Can you imagine my suicidal sentiments when Virginia, in the indulgent tone she assumes when addressing her own small children, explained, 'Braille is the substitute for printing universally employed for the use of the Blind.'

"If you know of a more odious predicament in which to be placed *vis-à-vis* a clever young authoress, perhaps you will disclose it, for my imagination refuses to suggest anything more intolerable."

This little episode, so annoying to have experienced, brought home to me very forcibly the probability that there may be many other folks equally ignorant on the subject of Braille, so I then and there registered a resolve to enlighten them at the earliest opportunity—not, be it understood, from the promptings of pernicious pedantry, but

for the possible chance of benefit to the Blind, which may be the result of such a course.

This particular system, which takes its name from its inventor, Louis Braille, a Frenchman, serves both for printing and writing, and is, as stated by the sententious dame afore-mentioned, now universally used at home and abroad for the blind. It also lends itself freely to music. In fact, it is the only perfect system by which music for the blind can be written and printed.

The enormous advantage of employing the same character for whatever language, is but one of the many benefits consequent on the adoption of Braille's system.

When the British and Foreign Blind Association commenced its operations in 1868, there was not a single institution in the United Kingdom in which it was used. Indeed, there were only two or three men who had any knowledge of it, and these used it merely for their own private work. To the exertions of the late Dr. T. R. Armitage is due the introduction of it into the various institutions both in England and in many other countries. He founded the British and Foreign Blind Association in Cambridge Square, Hyde Park, in 1868, and subsequently the Royal Normal College for the Blind at Norwood. Before this date every institution instructed its students more or less, according to its own fancy (of which the the Roman letter, the Moon, the Frere, and the Lucas systems were the most generally favoured), so that forlorn, indeed, was the case of students on leaving the radius where their knowledge was acquired. Now-a-days, to be "able to read," means to have within their grasp *all that exists* in the way of Blind Literature.

The Braille system is extremely easy to learn, quicker to read and to write than any of the extinct methods, and occupies less space than they did, as it permits of the use of *both* sides of the paper.

So much by way of introduction, preface, explanation! Now for the real aim and object of this article. Briefly this—to induce sighted people who have leisure and a moderate share of

patience, to learn the Braille character, and to make the *first copy* of books, to be multiplied by the blind. Folks who have not gone into the subject, do not realise how very poor are most of the blind writers, or "embossers," nor how immense is the benefit which is conferred by providing them with remunerative employment. Not only is the pecuniary assistance resulting from the work of vital importance, but the mental activity involved is an immense blessing, easing, for a while at least, the indescribable burden of life passed in the unmitigated solitude of blind idleness.

The demand for embossed books for the use of the Blind is already very great, and provided that a sufficient number of first copies can be supplied, it should continue to increase.

The British and Foreign Blind Association, intends during the current year to start a free circulating library for the United Kingdom, which will meet a great want; when the books have been read they will be returned to the head (London) dépôt, and a fresh supply sent to take their place. It is hoped that all Free Libraries will help in this good work; but in towns where there are no Free Libraries, it is proposed to ask the Mayor, or some other influential person, to undertake to receive and distribute the books among the Blind, and when they have been read, return them to London, when a fresh supply will be sent. All this will mean a great deal of work and expense, but as the movement is a good one, it is hoped that not only the Free Libraries, but all persons who have the welfare of the Blind really at heart, will readily co-operate both by personal and monetary assistance. All who wish to assist in this philanthropic undertaking should communicate with Mr. G. R. Boyle, 33, Cambridge Square, Hyde Park.

To acquire sufficient knowledge of the Braille character to be able to transcribe a printed book is, to a moderately intelligent man or woman, but the matter of a few days, and the action of writing it necessitates so little exertion that it can be done in almost any circumstances, in the house or out of doors. The utensils employed for writing are a brass

frame and a board, which serves as a guide to keep the paper straight. The paper is fastened on the board at one end, and is then placed between the guide and the bed of the frame. On

can quite conveniently be used on the writer's knees.

The one drawback to the introduction and practice of Braille work in the home circle is that there is an attendant click-

THE BRAILLE ALPHABET, WITH CONTRACTIONS.

The large dots represent the raised points of the Braille letter; the small simply serve to indicate their position in the group of six.

1st line.	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J
		but	Christ		every	from	God	have		Jesus
	••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••
	••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••
2nd line.	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T
		Lord		not		people	quite	right	some	that
	••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••
	••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••
3rd line.	U	V	X	Y	Z	and	for	of	the	with
	unto	very		you						
	••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••
	••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••
4th line.	ch	gh	sh	th	wh	ed	er	ou	ow	w
	child		shall	this	which					will
	••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••
	••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••

The signs of the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th lines are formed from those of the 1st by the addition of lower dots.

5th line.	The signs of the 5th line are the same as those of the first, except that they are written in the middle and lower holes.									
	be	con	dis	em	to	he	is	was		
	Only as a separate syllable overrunning a word.		only as a prefix.		Only when a separate word.		Only as a separate word.		When used as a prefix it stands for hy.	
	••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••
6th line.	et	ing	prefix for sentences.	end of line to poetry.	space- (When used as a prefix, omit.)	hyphen.				
			When at the end of a word, line.			dash.				
	••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••
	••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••

The signs of the 1st line when preceded by the prefix for numbers stand for the nine numbers and the elpher.

the bed of the brass frame are two rows of pits, each group consisting of six pits, into which the paper is pressed with a little awl, thus forming dots which represent letters. The frame is so light that should a table not be available, it

ing noise which might prove irritating to the "touchey" members of the family—in the same way as is a typewriter, though in a lesser degree—but since most leisurely folks have, besides several hours a day at their own disposal, a

"study," "boudoir," "snuggery," "den," or some such apartment in which they can pursue any occupation without disturbing anybody, this consideration need not be accorded a moment's reflection.

Rouse yourselves, then, "ye gentlemen of England who sit at home at ease," and let those of your womankind who have also some spare time to undertake the work, follow your good example, and do something to benefit the blind.

The initial step is to write to Mr. G. R. Boyle, 33, Cambridge-square, Hyde Park, asking him to post pamphlets containing instructions on the Braille alphabet, writing frame, dotter, and suitable paper, all to be had for seven shillings; then set to work in good earnest, and in a fortnight at longest the whole system will be perfected by the insignificant devotion to it of one hour a day.

The gratitude of countless blind fellow-creatures will be an all too generous recompense for the discovery of a new and interesting pastime.

LOUIS BRAILLE BIOGRAPHICALLY.

Louis Braille, to whose persevering efforts is due the greatest advance that has ever been made in the education of the blind, was born on 4th January, 1809, at Coupvray, about twenty-three miles from Paris. His father was a harness maker, and it was when playing with his tools that the child, at the age of three, put out one of his own eyes. Sympathetic inflammation soon robbed him of the sight of the other.

Fortunately for his future, and, as it proved, fortunately for that of all his co-sufferers, the boy was soon sent to the School for the Blind in Paris. There he learnt to read by the embossed Roman letter, at that time exclusively used, and made rapid strides in all his studies—literary, musical, and mathematical. He was getting towards the end of his course as a pupil in the Institution, when he began to learn the organ, but mastering the difficulties of that complicated instrument with quite unprecedented speed, he became such a brilliant player that his services as organist were soon in request at several of the churches in Paris.

So distinguished a pupil gave promise of being so invaluable a teacher that his own term of tutelage being completed, he was in 1826 elected Professor at the Institution. He started on his new duties by teaching grammar, geography and arithmetic, and proceeded by degrees to history, geometry, and algebra, giving meanwhile the most excellent lessons in music, theory and practice, organ and piano.

The school vacations meant to the energetic Louis Braille only opportunities for extra work, for he was then able to devote himself to the uninterrupted pursuit of an idea which had taken complete possession of him, the finding of a system by which the blind could write in relief. The result was the groups of six points which has become the universal method—in short, the Braille system. Although generally admitted to be far superior to the old Roman letter, the new system was not immediately adopted, for in spite of the convincing treatises published by the inventor in 1829 and in 1834, explaining its advantages, it was not until 1854 that official sanction was given for its use in the Paris School for the Blind, two years after Braille's death. Notwithstanding the lack of official support which had been accorded to his most unflagging industry outside the circle of the Institution, the professor had, in his rare hours of leisure, imparted to many of his devoted pupils the result of his investigations, and they, realising the immeasurable advantage of their adored teacher's invention, eagerly added the weight of their advocacy, but to little effect, since the notion of such a great change must needs have ample time to develop in the minds of those who, on any subject, and in any decade, are ever eager to uphold the apathetic dictum: "Old ways are best." However, at last the most obstinate conservatives were converted, and Braille's System conquered, not only Paris, but France, and, finally, all the world.

THE "FRIEND OF THE BLIND."

How truly Dr. T. R. Armitage merited the above name is but partly expressed in the curt observation, already made, that

BRAILLE MUSICAL ALPHABET.

The notes on this line are semibreves or minims.		C	D	E	F	G	A	B
		C	D	E	F	G	A	B
		C	D	E	F	G	A	B
		C	D	E	F	G	A	B
The notes on this line are minims or crotchets.		C	D	E	F	G	A	B
		C	D	E	F	G	A	B
		C	D	E	F	G	A	B
		C	D	E	F	G	A	B
The notes on this line are quavers.		C	D	E	F	G	A	B
		C	D	E	F	G	A	B
		C	D	E	F	G	A	B
		C	D	E	F	G	A	B
OCTAVE SIGNS (front dots).	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
FINGERING SIGNS (back dots).	+	2	3	4	5	6	7	
Rites and Accidentals.								
Intervals.	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	
Short Note Shake. Repeat. Staccato. Dot. Double Dot.								
Double Bar. Dotted Double Bar. P. F.								
Cres. Treble. Bass.								

to his efforts are due the widespread benefits of the British and Foreign Blind Association, and The Normal School. Not only did he devote his whole income to the improvement of the condition of the blind, but most of his time and energy, the loss of his own sight early in life acting as an incentive to even

more than ordinary activity. The history of Dr. Armitage is told in a few words. He was the sixth son of a Yorkshire family; at the age of nine he had a severe attack of typhoid fever, which resulted in weak eyes. The next year (1834) he and a younger brother were sent to a school at Offenbach, kept



DR. T. R. ARMITAGE (Latest Portrait)

by Dr. Hecker, the grammarian; two years later the Armitage family established itself in Paris, and the boys attended lectures at the Sorbonne, their home studies being superintended by a German tutor. At sixteen our particular boy entered the medical department of King's College, London; but having studied hard for a year, his eyes protested against any more work, so he gave them two years' rest. Returning, he took his diploma as surgeon, and after a while the degree of M.D. at the University of London. Becoming a member of the Royal College of Physicians, he practised in London for many years as a consulting physician.

However, as his work increased, the correspondence which it entailed made such a tax on his weak sight that, his heartfelt regret notwithstanding, Dr. Armitage decided to relinquish his profession. The disease of the eyes, atrophy of the retina, was checked by every possible precaution, but the vestige of sight which remained did not serve to allow the decyphering of even the largest print. Fortunately, his

ample private means, and his energetic, courageous character prevented his feeling the want of his practice, and the leisure which he now secured enabled him to throw himself entirely into the question of the welfare of the Blind, which for years had been with him one of many philanthropic interests. In the early days of his medical career, when physician to the Marylebone Dispensary, in 1852, Dr. Armitage had amongst his patients a blind man, who afterwards persuaded the committee of the Indigent Blind Visiting Society to employ him as one of their missionaries. That the appointment of a blind visitor was a wise proceeding was proved by the great success that he obtained in the poor little homes where he called. To the fact that the missionary was frequently accompanied by Dr. Armitage is due the intimate knowledge which the latter acquired of the condition and wants of the indigent blind of London.

Practical man of the world that he was, he soon realised that religious teaching was not the only necessity to a community existing in such absolutely idle misery as they; education, and subsequently remunerative employment they should get, if in humanity there existed the means to give it to them!

First an attempt must be made to supply the most pressing needs of the cases which demanded instant relief; so Dr. Armitage started a fund ("The X.Y.Z.," so called because its subscribers were anonymous) which soon reached £600 a year, and was the cause of immense blessing to many of its participators.

The confusion which prevailed at that time in the matter of instructing the blind, through the use of three or four different methods of embossing the books, seemed an almost insurmountable drawback; but, after the most careful investigation of every existing system, with the help of a committee of blind gentlemen, Dr. Armitage decided that at whatever cost of energy the one and only way to do the BEST POSSIBLE for the blind was to achieve a universal adoption of the system invented by Louis Braille.

To this end he worked unceasingly, lectured at the Society of Arts, and collected adherents to the cause from

EXAMPLE IN BRAILLE AND ORDINARY MUSIC.
SUN OF MY SOUL.

HORSLEY.

The image displays a musical score for the hymn "Sun of My Soul" by Horsley. It consists of five staves. Each staff features two lines of notation: Braille notation on the top line and standard musical notation on the bottom line. The Braille notation is composed of groups of six dots, while the musical notation includes notes, rests, and bar lines. The score is presented in a vertical orientation on the page.

all the educational centres, with the ultimate result—after years of argument—that the very evident advantage of employing one and the same character in every institution for the blind could not possibly be any longer disregarded.

The immense field of action which was opened in the embossing of books after Braille's method gave immediate employment to those few blind who had already been taught his system, and the dissemination of it becoming obligatory, work was easily obtainable. The fact that the quarters of the British and Foreign Blind Association are the very house in which Dr. Armitage lived seems but appropriate. The great benefit which his life was to the sightless is hardly to be grasped by those who are not fully acquainted with the immeasurable difference made in their circumstances by the exertions of "The Friend of the Blind."

SOME CURIOUS EMPLOYMENTS FOLLOWED BY THE BLIND.

Most people seem to have a hazy notion that the students at the various Institutions for the Blind are taught basket-making, rope and brush-making, knitting, and possibly piano-tuning, but few would be inclined to credit the statement that as shoemakers, carpenters, and harness makers, the blind are quite equally proficient as their seeing relatives. Clock and sewing-machine repairs do certainly seem impossible without useful eyes, yet there are blind adepts at both these dainty crafts.

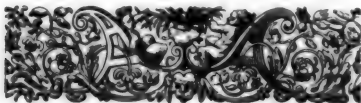
Equally extraordinary, in a widely

different way, was the business of a blind resident in Kensington, who until a few years ago, was a horse dealer! Frequent journeys to Belgium, and satisfaction on the part of the London omnibus companies, to whom he sold his purchases, were the characteristics of his career.

The coal and tin trades have blind representatives; poultry farming is also carried on very successfully. As may easily be imagined, the employment of night-caller in mining districts has many sightless votaries.

The Church and the Law claim their share of distinguished scholars, as, for instance, the Rev. Herbert Marston, whose sermons have attracted crowded congregations to St. John's Church, Belgrave Square; and Dr. Washington Ranger, one of the busiest solicitors in London, head of the well-known firm, Ranger, Burton and Frost.

The brilliant academic career of Dr. Ranger demands special remark as an example of what can be achieved by the totally blind. From the College for the Blind Sons of Gentlemen, at Worcester, he proceeded to Worcester College, Oxford, and took a first-class in Law in open competition; he attained to the high honour of *proxime* for the Vinerian Law Scholarship, one of the most coveted of University prizes. After taking his M.A. degree, Mr. Ranger determined to become a Doctor of Laws, and some twelve years ago he obtained the final honours of the D.C.L. Dr. Ranger's favourite relaxation from the legal work in which he is utterly infallible, is riding.



OUR MILITARY FROM A POINT
MAGNATES. PHRENOLOGICAL OF VIEW.

WRITTEN BY MISS THEKLA BOWSER.

ILLUSTRATED BY EXPLANATORY PHOTOGRAPHS

SO much is written, told and re-told about each of our great soldiers at the Front, that it is difficult to sift the chaff from the corn and come to any conclusion as to the real characteristics of the actual men. Doubtless many people have endeavoured to gauge the kind of man who makes the successful military leader, but it is a task that eludes one at every turn, unless one has a firm basis to go upon.

With this thought in my mind, I wended my way to a certain little house which is tucked in at one corner of Ludgate Circus, wherein the well-known phrenologist, Mr. Stackpool E. O'Dell, has surrounded himself by all the paraphernalia concerning the "science" to which he pins his faith.

Outside the window was a huge crowd eagerly reading the delineation of our beloved Sovereign, which was written in a bold hand under a "line" sketch of Her Majesty. The tiny interior of the place is well-arranged to attune one's mind to the business in hand, skulls and plaster heads being seen on every side.

But the ting of an electric bell snapped my sombre meditations in twain and I was forthwith ushered into the inner sanctum, there to be brought face to face with the man who, by passing his hands lightly over your head, can tell you more about yourself than you ever knew or guessed before.

To-day, however, I was on other thoughts intent than my own humble individuality, which, indeed, Mr. O'Dell had revealed to me long since. Plunging, therefore, immediately into my subject, I begged the phrenologist to tell me what he thought of the heroes now fighting for us.

"I want to know, Mr. O'Dell, if you would have picked out these men as being specially fitted for the army, had you known nothing of their careers. Soldiers are born and not made, I imagine, as much as are poets or artists?"

"Certainly," he agreed, gravely; "but you know, although a man may be eminently a poet or an artist *first*, he also may be a clever, all-round man; that is exactly what I find with successful army men, though as a class they certainly show a distinctly martial spirit which predominates over all their other characteristics. In order to make the matter really clear, I must mention in the first place, our primary beliefs. Do you happen to hold any theories on the subject?" he asked abruptly, with startling swiftness.

"I have seen the truth of your assertions about adults proved many times," I replied, after an instant's silence; "but I have often thought I should like to hear your opinion of an infant's future capacity, and then watch the development."

"That is the very point," he said emphatically. "Character depends in the greatest measure upon the relative proportion that various parts of the brain bear towards the various functions. Another important formative of character—seldom considered by ordinary people—is 'temperament.' This depends upon three alternatives; whether bone-and-muscle, the vital organs, or the nervous system predominates in the constitution."

"But surely you allow," I ventured to argue, "that early training—"

"Has its effects—certainly, but they are not the all-important ones" came the retort. "What a man is naturally—that is the main point. Exceptional

circumstances may modify the original bent of a man, but a strongly marked tendency will neither be created or eradicated. The influence of environment, also, is great, but nobody nowadays holds the once prevalent view that these factors are the superior ones in the composition of character."

"And what would you say was the general 'temperament' of the rank and file of the army?" I asked, with the object of bringing the talk round to matters military.

"Undoubtedly the 'motive' or 'bone-and-muscle' one," was the unhesitating answer, "whilst in the officers we find the 'motive-nervous' or bone-and-muscle, plus brain-power. It is interesting to observe that there are distinctly two types in the forms of head which go to make great soldiers. Every one of our big military men has one of these types; sometimes he has a combination of both. First we see the head that is broad between and behind the ears, where observation has proved to us that the destructive and combative propensities lie. This sort of head will be seen by the score at the National Sporting Club on a big night. The second kind is very high at the back, where we find the seat of important faculties, such as self-esteem, firmness, approbateness and concentration."

"I suppose, then, Mr. O'Dell, that it is the first kind which gives us the men who avowedly love fighting for fighting's sake?" I queried.

"Exactly; it is in the second type that we find men who love to command, who delight in responsibility, and who are ambitious to excel where others have failed."

"And in which category would you place our beloved Lord Roberts?"

The phrenologist smiled indulgently.

"In neither; he shews an extraordinary combination, rarely, if ever, seen in other heads. I say 'extraordinary' advisedly, since in Buller, Kitchener, White, Gatacre, French, Warren, Macdonald, however their heads differ in other respects, all are alike in displaying a combination of the types mentioned. Even to the ordinary observer, there is a curious likeness to be traced in the photographs of our lead-

ing officers; an alertness, a self-command, a wiriness, which is given by good health, excellent training and a vast amount of determination."

"Ah yes, every one must have been struck by that," said I, confidently. "It is the same look which was so noticeable upon the faces of the C.I.V.'s. The five hundred men who attended that service in St. Paul's Cathedral bore a queer family resemblance to one another, which puzzled me considerably. Now I can see the reason for it. But we are getting away from Lord Roberts, or rather his characteristics," I reminded Mr. O'Dell, pulling myself back sharply from memories of that wondrous scene in the great fane.



LORD ROBERTS

"Well, it is popularly said of 'Bobs' that he is a man to whom the world is mainly important because therein soldiers are reared and employed. This, in my opinion, is rather unfair. He is not of such a narrow build as that description implies. It is a very fine head, and there are few things that he could not have done better than most men. A man may become a soldier—not necessarily a successful one—from any out of quite a number of motives. As you suggested just now, there is the born fighter; then there is the man who pines after 'glory'; again, he who craves to govern those who will render him absolute and unswerving

obedience; there are men, too, unhappily, who consider the army the only profession a gentleman can 'take up'—unless it be the Navy. But in none of these can we class Lord Roberts. You could put some of him, possibly, into each," said Mr. O'Dell whimsically, "and still find plenty left over."

"But in your sketch of his head, I see that 'destructiveness' holds an important place!"

"Oh yes, he has his full share in the base of the brain of the more brutal elements that go to make up a man, but he possesses a vigorous intellect, no little capacity for friendship and the social amenities. He has taste, tact, and considerable shrewdness in the judging of his fellow-men. Less of a bull-dog than General Buller, he shows a degree of kindness rarely exhibited by Kitchener, an amount of patience and caution unknown by the more highly strung Gatacre."

"That accounts, then, for the many-sided stories that we hear of this wonderful man, who is apparently stern and tender, daring and cautious at one and the same time," I remarked, as the phrenologist wound up his clever comparison of types.

"Just so," agreed Mr. O'Dell, as he took up the outline sketch of Lord Kitchener's head. "Here," he went on, "we have a typical soldier—a better example could not possibly be found. When poor Steevens described him as 'the Soudan Machine' he got at the man exactly. First and before all he is a soldier; he has no thought apart from his work; he loves it and needs nothing more to content him. In all probability he has a half-conscious contempt for all things outside the army. In fact, Lord Kitchener is a kind of military automaton—that is to say, he has endeavoured to perfect every inward gift which relates to military manoeuvres; therefore, when occasion arises which necessitates his turning attention to any special branch of the profession, he is able to come to a speedy, and usually accurate decision. You will see that his head is very broad between the ears, and exceptionally high behind; he is by nature both a fighter and a ruler of men."

"I see that you have marked the 'domestic region' on the diagram. What would you say about those qualities?" I asked tentatively.

"That part is especially small," came the reply. "In no sense is Lord Kitchener a domestic man."

"Ah, I have heard that he can be said to be 'gallant' only when the stress is put early in the word," I cried, with an intonation perhaps not untinged with instinctive injury. "It is well known that he loves not my sex, nor will tolerate a man about him who owns to such a weakness."

"But in marked contrast to this 'depression,'" went on Mr. O'Dell with undisturbed placidity, and as if uncon-



L. LORD KITCHENER

scious of the interruption, "is the projective fulness of the lower part of the forehead. Now the perceptive powers are located in this part of the brain, and when it is thus large—and the brain is a vigorous one—there is always a great memory for details. One other man in command at the front, by the way, has this type of forehead, and that is Baden-Powell. He has just the same exceptional keenness for detail. Kitchener, if you notice, has eyes placed with peculiar prominence in their sockets. People with these eyes have that portion of the brain which is connected with speech well developed, and the explanation is simple. This part of the brain rests on the back of the upper edge of the socket, and forces the eyes

into that peculiar position. It is, in general, the sign of an excellent memory for words—well known to be a strong point in Lord Kitchener. Concentration is very strongly marked too. It is a somewhat unusual quality—indeed, on the heads of ninety-nine people out of every hundred this region is very small, but in Kitchener it is such that he has absolute control over his mind; he can switch off from one topic to another instantaneously, giving his minutest attention to the subject in hand."

"A most delightful quality," I remarked.

"And the more appreciated because rarely to be met with," supplemented the phrenologist. "I wonder if you have noticed how deceptive are most of General White's portraits? He is usually 'taken' full face, thus giving the



SIR G. WHITE

impression, owing to the smoothness of the top of the head, that it is extremely high in front where the seat of the 'sentiment of benevolence' lies. A side view corrects the notion, and puts this organ into a subordinate position: the height is really at the back where we should naturally look for it in a soldier. Of kindness, it is true, Sir George White has his share, but determination out-distances it; this, I imagine, sometimes running to stubbornness and obstinacy. A calm, equable mind, though I see a tendency to worry too much; cautious and not apt to attempt that which is beyond his reach; he is

not a sanguine man and it is rather his firmness of purpose than his hopefulness which gives that pertinacity we must all admire."

"What splendid opportunities he has had of showing those qualities of late," I broke in enthusiastically.

"Indeed, yes. Who knows what might have happened in Ladysmith long ere relief reached them, had this brave General not been in charge?" complied Mr. O'Dell. "But not only is he brave; he is honourable to the last degree—in that way which makes an officer hate to send his men into a danger unshared by himself."

"And what of the man who made such a grand entry into the beleaguered city?"

"General Buller? Well, he is distinctly of the broad-headed type.



SIR R. BULLER

Apart from the greater development of the vital temperament, he resembles Kitchener more than any of the others. Perhaps he has less cautiousness than the latter, whose first object in a fight is to score a success; but in supreme moments Buller can do great deeds, such as before now have earned him the coveted 'For Valour.' Though years and responsibility may have somewhat cooled this *abandon*, yet he will still find it difficult at times to organize while others do the more loved fighting."

"'Fighting Mac.' is a soldier through and through I imagine?" I insinuated meekly.

On the instant Mr. O'Dell "rose" to my bait. "Absolutely," he said; "his head shews an immense development of



MAJOR-GENERAL H. MACDONALD

destructiveness. One could conceive of either Roberts, White, or Baden-Powell being something other than an army officer, and attaining a high position, but the others we have been talking about are distinctly of the Roman or Viking order, their natural place being where brute-force is required."

"What would become of such men were universal arbitration ever agreed upon by the Powers?" I murmured sotto-voce.

The even voice of the Wise-man struck in abruptly.



COL. BADEN-POWELL

"In Baden-Powell, once again, you have the nervous temperament, one which gives rapidity of eye, thought, plan and deed. Very wide is the Colo-

nel's head at about an inch above the ears, where the secretive instinct has its centre. He may be—certainly is—soldier first; but he is a born detective. A head that is wide at the temples and full in front, is a sure sign, if the brain be active, of brilliant imagination. That is the chief quality necessary to a Sherlock Holmes. Observation merely is not sufficient; the man must be able to draw big inferences from tiny facts, and it is this ability which makes the steadfast defender of Mafeking the clever man he is. Strong secretiveness, even though qualified by real agreeableness, such as possessed by Col. Baden-Powell, makes a man keep his own counsel. Again, at the back of the ears, his head is exceptionally broad. There can be no two opinions about him. He is a combatant by nature. To outwit others in argument, in play, in the more serious undertaking of war, those are the successes which give the keenest pleasure. Not unlike Sir George White, Colonel Baden-Powell possesses much pertinacity and caution, but there is a greater sense of humour, and he does not take life quite so seriously."

"Ah! A characteristic that I was going to suggest seemed to be lacking in the typical soldier, and yet what an infinite help must be a keen sense of the ridiculous to him when sore tried by hardship and privation. I can scarcely imagine even Colonel Baden-Powell though, seeing the funny side of having to eat bread made of horse-forage. A sharp test, truly."

"Ah! but many of our Generals have it more or less strongly marked. I have been able to give only a very sketchy outline of the characteristics of these great Britishers, the more subtle qualities are of too personal a nature to be spoken of to the world in general.

"Oh yes," I agreed, "that is only right. By-the-bye, the heads you have kindly sketched for me look very queer without any hair upon them," I went on flippantly, as I ranged them as I would a hand of whist, and examined them critically.

"Ah yes, but that cannot be avoided. I have done it purposely so that the exact shape of the head should be given. In the case of Lord Kitchener, especially

it is noticeable, as his hair is quite a distinctive feature with him. But you wanted to get at the men themselves as shewn by phrenology. These men are fine examples of British pluck and stamina. We need not fear for England, whilst we can boast of such warriors to go forth to fight her battles," said Mr. O'Dell warmly.

"A fine array of character, truly; our Queen and country may well be proud of the 'gentlemen in khaki,' officers and troops alike," I responded, as I gathered up the pictures before me, and rose from my comfortable corner.

"One last question, Mr. O'Dell," I begged, "from your knowledge of English character, do you suppose that conscription will ever be necessary?"

"No; I think not," was the reply, given with evident conviction; "Englishmen, or rather Britishers, are naturally good soldiers. The fighting instinct is strong in them, and patriotism is not wanting."

But fading daylight warned me of the

speeding hour, and with hearty thanks to Mr. O'Dell for the intensely interesting chat I had had with him, I bade him adieu, and passed out of the quaint little shop into busy, bustling Fleet Street. Yet, all the traffic and turmoil of the great city had no power to drive from me the words I had been listening to. Phrenology had held me enthralled; if there had been any lingering doubt in my mind as to its verity, it had fled before the impressive and convincing voice of the man who, for many years, had made it his study. There had been, too, a proud feeling of participation in the triumphs of this dear old England of ours, when hearing of the inner qualities of the heroes of the hour who are brother-countrymen.

Immortal as is that little speech of Shakespeare in the closing scene of "King John," the first word of the last line, might surely be dispensed with to-day?

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them, naught shall make us
If England to herself do rest but true. [rue





ILLUSTRATED BY L. A. BATE

THE King had come to Burgos. In the earlier hours of the dawn, when all Castile was sleeping, he entered unchallenged through the southern gate, and now was lying in the grey old palace, dreaming away the excitement and fatigue of his journey. For long and hard he had ridden to be in Burgos to-day—and even kings must succumb to mortal weakness. His soldiers, however, hardy men of fortune, were astir again ere the sun was high in the heavens—were clattering through the narrow streets, jesting in their barbarous fashion, and flinging offensive compliments among the beauties of Castile. They were men whose fathers had fought in Algiers—whose veins were swept with tainted Moorish blood. They cursed and brawled among themselves, and were eager to fight upon the slightest provocation, or even for lack of provocation. But then they constituted the King's bodyguard—and the King was Pedro the Cruel.

In the market-place, beneath the shadow of the cathedral, a man stood idly scanning the throng that had congregated to welcome the young monarch. He was a tall man, and spare, and the great scar that ran lengthways down his cheek twisted his mouth into a hideous, fantastic grin. His eyebrows were thick and bushy, his

chin sharpened with a tiny beard. Here, in Burgos, the people passed him by with scarce a glance, but in Madrid they would have shuddered to behold his face. For he was none other than Leopold of Tendilla, the hero of a thousand duels, the very incarnation of vice and lawlessness. Tradition had woven a net of honour round the names of his forebears, and whispered that the old Counts of Tendilla had been Spaniards loyal and true. But, however spotless their escutcheon, it had long ago been dragged through the mire of unutterable shame by Leopold, who to-day was little better than a common bravo—a bully whose hand was ready to perform any deed of villainy, and whose sword would swing for any cause that money bade. Perchance, had the good people of Burgos but realised the personality of the man who stood so calmly in their midst, they would have been less demonstrative in their jests regarding his ill-favoured countenance. Perchance, they would have shrunk from his side, and have cursed, in awe-struck whisper, that name which was known and feared throughout the length and breadth of all Spain—Leopold of Tendilla, the Scarlet Sword.

Silent he stood at his post till the shadows grew short around him; then, at length, a heavily-cloaked man forced

his way among the eager crowd to where he stood. Tendilla touched the hilt of his sword by way of greeting.

"So your Majesty was able to keep our appointment," he observed.

"That were indeed easy," replied the other; "for I persuaded young Leon——"

As he spoke, a great shout, half-enthusiastic and half-sullen, rose from the assembled thousands, and the windows opposite grew alive with the fluttering of many silks and kerchiefs.

"'Tis the King!" echoed the cry. "King Pedro of Spain!"

Tendilla turned sharply on his companion. "What means this, your Majesty?" he demanded.

The other laughed, and shrugged his shoulders with easy carelessness.

"'Twas Cordova's idea," said he, "and, in sooth, if I can personate Cordova, why should he fail to personate me? I told him that I had a secret errand to perform in Burgos, and would have need of his name again, and he, being in merry mood, suggested that he should parade the city as King Pedro. Here he comes! Should you know us apart, Tendilla?"

A cortège of horsemen rode slowly by, and above the heads of the people Tendilla caught a glimpse of a young man of noble lineaments, who bowed with grace from side to side as the warm-hearted Castilians showered their applause upon him. He watched him for a moment with a curious smile.

"The likeness is indeed remarkable," he said at length. "He might in truth be King of Spain, and you—but Leon of Cordova! 'Tis a dangerous——"

"What is amiss with these Castilian dogs?" demanded the King angrily. "They cheer as under a sense of duty, and as he passes, they sneer and lift their eyebrows. Do they guess that he is playing a part, think you?"

"They take him for the son of Lenora of Guzman," replied Tendilla coolly, "and that lady was not—popular in the north."

Suddenly, however, the shout rose to a roar, and the roar to a very thunder of applause, that seemed like to split the heavens in twain.

Flowers were showered from the

windows above; women with love-lit eyes leaned from their balconies to cry aloud their eager words of greeting. The recipient of this demonstration was a soldier who rode alone and unattended through the seething mass of people; a man whose tremendous figure was bowed beneath the stress of years and adversity. Unlike the pretended king, he neither smiled nor rode uncovered, but stared ahead of him with a sad expression stamped deep upon his noble countenance, which neither welcome nor plaudits could sweep away. The weight of an empire might have hung upon his brow; the future of the people he loved. A sneering smile rose to the bravo's lips, as he watched the old statesman ride by.

"'Tis the most noble Garcilazo de la Vega," he said lightly, "the Adelantado of Castile. And 'tis his daughter who awaits your Majesty even now."

"You have discovered the house, Tendilla?" Eagerly the King turned from the crowd before him.

"'Twas your Majesty's command," replied Tendilla, bowing with exaggerated respect.

"Buena! Then lead the way, and avoid the wider streets wherever possible."

Together they skirted the cobbled market-place, and turned into an alley so narrow that as they gazed between the projecting windows above them, only a zig-zagged strip of faint blue sky was visible. The houses were gaunt and neglected-looking, and in the great majority of cases were barricaded with strips of wood and iron. For the King's soldiers bore characters of none too lofty repute; and the citizens of Burgos had women and children to protect.

Without bestowing a thought upon the why and wherefore of the locked, silent houses, the two men passed hurriedly along the footway, but separated as they reached a less deserted street. With that inimitable swagger which was burlesqued by half the gallants of Madrid, Tendilla sauntered some few yards down the road. Then, in nonchalant fashion he dived into a second alley, which, as far as outward

appearance was concerned, was but a replica of the one he had just quitted. Unobtrusively the King followed in his wake, and again the pair hurried along in silence, picking their way among the puddles and scattered *débris* which obstructed their passage at every turn. At length they reached a square of tiny dimensions, wherein stood several lofty houses that might have contained the graves of the dead.

"There is the place," said Tendilla, pointing to one of the number, which projected slightly before its fellows, leaving a shadowed alcove on either hand.

"You are sure?" demanded Pedro eagerly.

"If you have any doubt," replied the duellist, "look to the casement beneath the roof, and you will see the girl herself."

The King stepped back a pace, staring up at a grimy window, above which hung a huge, ungainly porch. And there, framed in the blackness behind, he beheld a picture which, even in his dissolute life to follow, was never wholly erased from his heart. The picture of a girl radiant with a wondrous Southern beauty; with a crown of gleaming hair, like to the sun-kissed foliage of autumn; with eyes bright and steadfast—eyes such as never man beheld, save in the maiden whose love he would cherish for ever. Her lips were parted in expectation, and dimples sprang to either cheek as her glance rested upon the King below.

"She is not slow to recognise her lover!" said Tendilla grimly.

Pedro threw his cloak from his shoulder, and doffed his hat with easy courtesy.

"By our Lady!" he cried, "she is even more lovely than the imagination of De Garcia has painted her. Where is the door, Tendilla?"

Tendilla stepped into the shadowed alcove, rapping lightly with the hilt of his sword.

"Shall I stay here, your Majesty?" he asked.

"Yes, nor move till I return. And, at your peril, allow no one to follow."

As he spoke, the door was slightly opened, and a woman's frightened face peered out into the square beyond. She was an old woman, and grizzled. Her toothless gums chattered with impotent rage; her voice rose to a querulous grumble as she demanded the señor's errand. But when the King turned to reply, she seemed to recognise his features, for her voice lost all its shrillness as, with a flood of Castilian compliments, she flung open the door, bidding him welcome indeed.

"My Lord of Cordova," she whimpered, "the señorita has expected you for many a long day."

"Where is the señorita?" asked Pedro softly.

"Surely in the same apartment, my lord," replied the woman. "If your excellency will but step upstairs, you will find her there. And she is contented—"

"Await me, Tendilla," cried the King, stepping eagerly across the threshold. The woman closed and barred the door behind him, and, still muttering to herself, hobbled slowly along the passage, leaving him to find his way alone. The stairs were circular and trodden hollow, and as he followed their tortuous ascent, it seemed to King Pedro as though their height must indeed be limitless. At regular intervals a narrow slit of a window threw broken beams of light upon the wall opposite, and when, at length, the sixth was passed, a tiny passage and the outline of a door grew visible in the partial darkness that loomed ahead. As the echo of his footsteps rang through the silent house, the door slid gently open, and the girl whose beauty had enchanted him as he watched her from the square below, stood outlined before him in a very flood of golden sunshine.

"At last, my Leon!" she cried. "At last you have come to me again."

Pedro took her gently in his arms, and 'neath the tenderness of his embrace a world of love and happiness illumined the splendour of her wonderful eyes, and flashed into their depth the smile of dreams fulfilled. She pressed her burning kisses on his lips, his hair, his forehead; she would have knelt before him,



"THE GIRL . . . STOOD OUTLINED BEFORE HIM IN A VERY FLOOD OF GOLDEN SUNSHINE"

to salute even his hand. But laughingly the King raised her to his arms again.

"You are glad to see me, sweetheart?" he asked gaily.

"Glad!" repeated the girl in low tones. "If you could but realise the weary days that have dragged away in moments whilst I yet awaited you; the endless nights, when all my dreams were of my noble Leon. And my fears! You might have been dead or exiled—the King might have turned against you, as you say he turns against all his noblest friends. . . . Yet why talk in this idle fashion now you are really by my side again? You have come to take me away, Leon?"

"I have come to bid you prepare," replied Pedro softly. But his eyes were ablaze with fury, and his savage smile boded ill for Leon of Cordova.

"I am prepared," said the girl pleadingly. "I may come with you now, Leon?"

Before he could reply, a second

woman appeared in the doorway—a woman who bent her head in a stately fashion, which could only be construed as hostile.

"So you have returned, my lord," she began coldly. "I trust it is your intention to make amends."

"Amends!" stammered Pedro.

"To acknowledge the señorita as your wife," said the duenna, "or at any rate, to inform her father as to her whereabouts. For I warn you, my lord of Cordova, I will be a party to this deception no longer. You say that you wedded the señorita in defiance of the King's commands, and that your life would not be worth a moment's purchase if he discovered your disobedience. But Pedro the Cruel is not omnipotent. Take your wife to France; take her to—"

"Silence!" shouted Pedro angrily. "Am I to receive my orders from a waiting-woman, such as you?"

He hesitated a moment, then led the señorita to the window, and pointed to

Tendilla, who lounged offensively on the pathway below.

"You see my officer?" he said.

The girl smiled and nodded. Tendilla was never a man to hide his light beneath a bushel.

"This evening he will come here and bring you to me at the palace."

"But, Leon, you said I should never enter the palace again."

"Things have changed since then," said Pedro; and he laughed lightly.

"In those days I was afraid of the King. But now——"

"The King is afraid of you, perhaps."

"No, not afraid, my sweetheart. It is because we are such good friends—King Pedro and I."

Leon of Cordova lolled idly in the window of the presence-chamber, staring at the open space below, wherein the bulls should fight. He was already tired of his false position; was tired of the half-hearted cheers with which his appearance was ever greeted, and waited impatiently for the return of King Pedro, to lift the weight of empire from his brow. For his thoughts had wandered away to a girl with sunlit hair, and eyes like the water of the ocean—a girl who awaited his coming even now, and whom, ere long, he would hold to his heart again. And his clouded face grew bright at the prospect of his happiness in store. His meditations, however, were disturbed by the entrance of Tendilla, who bowed carelessly, without pretence of respect.

"My Lord of Cordova," said he, "his Majesty would present you with your own name again."

"You bring me the best of news, señor," cried Cordova; "but what think you of King Pedro's double?"

The bravo scanned the young nobleman from head to foot.

"I hold so high an opinion," he remarked at length, "that if I were Leon of Cordova—I would be Leon of Cordova no longer."

"What mean you?" demanded Leon quickly.

"My lord," replied Tendilla, "King Pedro has betrayed you."

Cordova eyed him for a moment with some disdain.

"Betrayed me, you say. But that is beyond his power, King of Spain though he be; for there is no manner in which he could betray me."

"There is one," answered Tendilla slowly, "and that one—through the medium of the señorita Isabella."

Cordova turned white to the lips, as he laid a trembling hand on Tendilla's shoulder.

"The señorita Isabella!" he gasped.

"King Pedro!"

Then, upon the instant, the true purport of the King's errand flashed across his mind. And the King was so marvellously like himself, that no man living could tell them apart. A great wave of anger—perchance akin to despair—flushed the blood to his cheeks again. His eyes blazed with fury; a great vein, knotted and black, stood prominent upon the whiteness of his forehead. "By the heavens above me," he whispered, "he shall die for his treachery."

Tendilla noticed the effect of his words with a curious smile. "His Majesty awaits your coming even now," he insinuated.

"Then he may wait," cried Cordova, "and when he comes to claim his crown, 'tis a dagger shall be his answer."

"And afterwards?"

Cordova's mirthless laugh echoed through the gilded halls. Carelessly he shrugged his shoulders.

"Is Pedro such a perfect monarch," he sneered, "that Leon must fail to equal him? Or is Tendilla too loyal to take his stand by a usurper's side?"

Tendilla swung his feathered hat to the ground, and bowed low before his companion.

"In truth shall you wear the crown of Spain," said he, "and I——"

Unfinished though the words remained, his meaning was not difficult to grasp; for Tendilla was so essentially a man who might be trusted to keep a fatherly eye upon his own interests.

"But why do you tell me all this?" demanded Cordova suddenly. "Does not Pedro pay you liberally, or is it——?"

"My lord!" interrupted Tendilla

sternly, a flush creeping to the bronze of his features, "not so many years have passed by since I myself carried a name as honoured as any in Castile. But King Pedro has stripped me of my manhood—has made me what I am to-day; and when I think of his cursed work, and of all that might have been, I want to crush him beneath my heel, as the greatest scoundrel who has ever degraded the throne of Spain."

He paused a moment, all the bitterness of his past life surging before his weary eyes. Then he wrenched his sword from its scabbard, and swung it madly in the air.

"May it run scarlet once again," he cried, "in the cause of the enemies of the King!"

The presence-chamber was thronged with men of every nationality in Spain. Soldiers of Saracenic feature ruffled it freely among the scions of the noblest families in Castile; priests of austere countenance rubbed shoulder to shoulder with bullies, bravos, and free-lances of fortune innumerable, for it was Pedro's delight to gather the latter around him, and to boast of the dissolute Court of which he was so worthy a leader. It was a gay scene, brilliant and lively. Bursts of merriment rose from group after group, as men like Rodriguez Rodas passed from one to the other, retailing some little pleasantry they had perchance picked up from the lackeys below. And, from the bull-ring outside, the excited populace gave vent to cheer after cheer, as, forgetting their animosity, they impatiently awaited the King's appearance, as a signal for the commencement of the sport of slaughter.

Upon the throne, a smile curving the proud line of his lips, sat Leon of Cordova. His eyes shone with a fierce excitement, and loud rose his laughter as Tendilla whispered some newer scheme into his ringing ear. But all the time his glance wandered restlessly to the doorway, from whence Pedro should have appeared ere now; for in his heart he knew too well that the farce he was enacting must soon be brought to a sorry conclusion. At length, however, the King stepped

forward, careless and defiant, and bowed with exaggerated respect before Cordova.

"I would crave your Highness's attention," he said loudly. He flashed a sidelong glance at Tendilla, and, for once in a way, Tendilla winced.

"We will listen to the Lord of Cordova," returned Leon calmly.

A great silence fell upon the chamber, and all eyes were turned to these two men, whom none could tell apart.

"Tis but a small matter with which to trouble your Majesty, and yet to me of the deepest importance. I would ask the King's sanction to my wedding with the señorita Isabella de la Vega."

Upon the instant Cordova realised his defeat. He had not included Isabella in his reckoning, nor that the King would match his love against his hate. Yet he raised his eyebrows in affected surprise, and the smile grew deeper upon his lips.

"We withhold our sanction," he said contemptuously.

"Nay, then," cried Pedro in ringing tones, "the señorita herself must plead our cause."

As he spoke, Isabella advanced shyly into the chamber, and to the throne whereon her lover sat. With mocking courtesy Pedro stepped to her side, taking her hand in his. But madly Cordova sprang to his feet, and wrenched the crown of Spain from off his brow. He seized the King by the shoulders, flinging him, with all his force, on the white stone steps; then, taking the señorita in his arms as he might have taken a child, he rushed through the half-open door, and in an instant was lost to sight. A dozen nobles would have followed hotly in his rear, but as lightning plays across the summer sky, Tendilla's blade flashed white from side to side.

"Tis the Scarlet Sword!" cried a voice from the rear, "the madman of Madrid!"

Painfully staggering to his feet, Pedro stared in dazed manner at the quieted courtiers, who had turned from Tendilla to the throne again. Once more the silence was utter and complete; even from the bull-ring below rose no sound save the confused murmur of



"ISABELLA ADVANCED . . . TO THE THRONE WHEREON HER LOVER SAT"

whispering voices. Then, suddenly, the King stepped to the nearest group.

"Where is Cordova?" he demanded hoarsely.

"He has gone," cried a host of voices, "and with him Isabella de la Vega."

Pedro shrugged his shoulders in non-chalant fashion.

"Then let them go!" he said wearily. "But for this man"—and he pointed to the defiant Tendilla—"his sword shall run scarlet no more. For Madrid will never see his face again."



WOULD I FORGET?

Ah, aching heart! would I forget
The hopes that died so long ago—
The Love that lingering will not go—
Will not depart?
Would I forget that fair, false face—
That lissome, yielding, witching grace—
That won my heart?

Would I forget those dear dead days,
When very life was ecstasy—
When I was all in all to thee,
And thou wast mine?
When every rustle thro' the trees
And every whisper of the breeze
Were sounds divine?

But was it worth it? Was it worth
The weary longing for a word—
The sickening sense of hope deferred—
The vain regret?
Yes! would I had that past again!
And not to stifle all my pain
Would I forget.



THE
PARKS
AND
GARDENS
OF
PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

THE Londoner, justly proud of his fine parks, hardly realises how small the open spaces of London are in comparison with the whole area of the city. Inspection of a map of our mighty capital reveals Hyde Park and its two neighbours as a little green oasis in a desert of streets. North,

scattered dots of green, such as Hackney Downs, Greenwich Park, and Kennington Oval, and a fringe of commons. There are doubtless other trees and plots of grass, but one almost requires a microscope to discover them. London is so immense that even Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, which cover 750 acres, or considerably more than a square mile, seem insignificant. Paris



WEeping WILLOWS.—PARC MONTESOURIS

south and east are the still smaller oases of Regent's, Battersea and Victoria Parks. Careful search discloses a few

has an entirely different aspect, flanked as it is on the west and east by two magnificent parks, the Bois de

Boulogne and the Bois de Vincennes, each about three times the size of the largest open space in London. Inside the fortifications are the Buttes-Chaumont (58 acres), the Parc Montsouris (38 acres), the Parc Monceaux (21 acres), the gardens of the Tuileries (70 acres) and Luxembourg (50 acres) and a large number of smaller public gardens. The total area of the open spaces, controlled by the Paris Municipal Council, is 4,700 acres. Adding 150 acres for the Tuileries, Luxembourg, Louvre and Jardin des Plantes, which all belong to the State, we have a total of 4,850 acres, or just about 20 per cent. of the Paris municipal domain, whereas the 3,700 acres of open spaces managed by the London County Council, form less than 5 per cent. of the administrative area.

The Bois de Boulogne is an interesting attempt to imitate Nature on a large scale. It was once part of a real, old-fashioned hunting forest, but fell a victim to the modern rage for renovation. Napoleon I. replanted part of it and laid out promenades. In other respects it retained its primeval wildness until 1852, when the Municipal Council took it in hand. Since that time, the wood has been improved with such energy that little or nothing of the original article is left. The city engineers have made over sixty miles of carriage roads and bridle paths, half a dozen lakes, a cascade, two racecourses, a training ground, and other trifles too numerous to mention. They cleared a small hill completely away, and used the earth to fill up a Seine backwater which formerly meandered across what is now Longchamps racecourse. They made a clean sweep of everything on the hillside overlooking this classic spot from the east, and planted the slope with thousands of trees. They left cunning gaps in their plantations, so that Mont-Valérien, St. Cloud and other picturesque points in the landscape should be visible from the proper angle. They contrived sylvan glades remarkably like the real thing. They laid out a Jardin d'Acclimatation, (which is French for Zoo) and grounds for sundry clubs, and built ice-houses, so deftly hidden by trees that no one suspects their existence. The result is a collection of samples of park, forest and

pleasure grounds, none of which can be taken quite seriously. At the same time, the Bois is a magnificent breathing-space and an inestimable boon to the city. Its well-kept roads were the paradise of the lady cyclist, until their invasion by the wild-eyed automobilist. Every fine Sunday, winter and summer, enormous numbers of people pour into the Bois. Racing seems to go on nearly every day during the season, either at Auteuil or Longchamps, and on Grand-Prix day the strings of carriages and thousands of well dressed people are a sight to be remembered. The annual review on the 14th of July is a more democratic festival and never fails, in fine weather at any rate, to attract the *bourgeoisie* and working classes. The Allée des Acacias is, perhaps, the nearest French equivalent to Rotten Row. What it lacks in horseflesh it makes up in motor-cars, driven by beings enveloped in furs, and strongly suggestive of Esquimaux. Strange descendants indeed for the curled and scented *incroyables* and *merveilleuses* who made the *promenade de Longchamps* in the years of the Republican calendar! Another prominent present-day feature of the Bois de Boulogne is the Chalet du Cycle, an open-air café, near the Suresnes bridge. The "dressy" Parisian cyclist of both sexes much prefers the Chalet du Cycle to the high road, and on fine Sundays the place is a perfect galaxy of all that is *chic* in the way of costumes for "velocewomen." A less cheerful spot is the disused cemetery, hidden behind the pine-trees near the Boulogne gate, and quite unknown to ninety-nine out of every hundred frequenters of the Bois.

The wood still possesses one solitary relic of distant times—a small stone obelisk standing near the Pré Catelan. This monument was erected by Philippe-Bel (1286-1314) to the memory of Arnould de Catelan, a famous Provençal troubadour, who was murdered here by the guards sent by Philippe to protect him on his way to the French court. The soldiers had heard that the troubadour was the bearer of valuable jewellery, but on searching him they found only a few vases of scented oils and essences. De Catelan's remains were

found among the brushwood, but the crime was attributed to brigands, and the truth was not suspected until the captain of the escort appeared at court redolent of perfumery which was recognised as of Provençal origin. He was arrested, and a search led to the discovery of various articles which had belonged to the unfortunate poet. The guilty men were burnt alive and the monument was erected on the scene of their crime. Other souvenirs are connected with the Château de la Muette, which stands in its own grounds on the eastern border of the wood. The place was originally a hunting-box used by Charles IX., and Louis XVI. and Marie-Antoinette lived here for three months immediately after their accession to the throne. Close to the Muette is the Ranelagh Garden, famous as the birthplace of the *cancan*. Near the centre of the wood is the Restaurant de Madrid, on the site of one of Francis the First's innumerable residences; and further west is Bagatelle, built for the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., in sixty-four days, and subsequently the property of the Marquis of Hertford, the original of Thackeray's Marquis of Steyne.

Like the Bois de Boulogne, the Bois de Vincennes is a modernised forest with artificial lakes, islands, and the rest. It is slightly larger than its western rival and is perhaps rather more natural, although it does contain an artificial hill created on purpose to provide a point from which to view the surroundings. The most interesting place in the wood is the historic Château de Vincennes, wherein the hero of Agincourt died in 1422. From the days of Louis XI. until as recently as the 1851 *coup-d'état* the castle was used as a State prison. Vincennes and the Bastille, in fact, occupy the same relation to French history as the Tower of London does towards our own chronicles. The château is now, unfortunately, an arsenal, and admission is not readily obtainable.

The largest among the intramural parks is the Buttes-Chaumont, among the hills in the north-east part of the city. Formerly waste ground, producing nothing but gibbets and windmills, the

place has been made into one of the most picturesque parks imaginable. What was an abandoned quarry is now a high, craggy island, standing in the centre of a lake, and crowned by a little temple such as one sees in old engravings of Italian landscapes. The lake is almost entirely surrounded by steep, wooded slopes, down which a cheerful but wholly artificial rivulet flows. The lake is spanned by a suspension bridge, resembling Clifton bridge not only in shape but in fascination for persons of suicidal tendencies. More than two hundred *désespérés* have ended their days by jumping from this bridge on to the rocks below. Not long ago the body of one poor wretch fell almost at the feet of a bride and bridegroom who were on their way to the wedding feast at a little restaurant overlooking the lake. Another attempt at self-destruction met with a less tragic ending. The would-be suicide missed the rocks, fell into the lake, and was ignominiously fished out by one of the keepers.

The Parc Montsouris is, like the Buttes-Chaumont, a working man's park, situated, as it is, close to the wall on the southern boundary of the city. Nevertheless, an aristocratic calm prevails in this park six days out of seven. Apparently the inhabitants have no time to visit it, except on Sundays. The ground, though less irregular than the Buttes-Chaumont, is undulating, and some fine views over Paris are obtainable from the high parts. There is a beautiful, broad, velvety lawn sloping down from the fortifications, with a quaint Oriental building, used as an observatory, at the top. Steep, shaded paths, thoughtfully provided with seats, overlook a charming little lake, with swans, reeds, weeping willows, water-lilies and all complete. Everything is delightfully orderly, owing, no doubt, to the preternatural goodness of the French child.

In strong contrast to the Buttes-Chaumont and the Parc Montsouris are the Tuileries and Luxembourg gardens, with their level surfaces and straight lines. Their features have an aristocratic regularity befitting the royal palaces with which they are connected.

The Tuileries is one of the few places in which Paris children of the better class can be seen at play; the Luxembourg is the country seat of the impetuous student. The Tuileries gardens—an extension of the grounds of the old palace destroyed by the Communists in 1871—strongly suggest the formal grandeur of Versailles, with its long perspectives, broad walks and mathematically ordered trees; the Luxembourg is less conscious of its rank, but has the grand air none the less. The one is patronised by children and dogs of good family; the other is more democratic. Both display beautiful combinations of flower-beds and sculpture, and are good specimens of the classic taste in gardening.

The Parc Monceau, in the comparatively new Batignolles quarter, shows the modern preference for trees and lawns, which are certainly more grateful to the city eye than the wide gravelled avenues of the older style. As the park formed part of the grounds of a suburban residence of Philippe-Egalité, its design was probably influenced by the well-known

English garden of the Petit Trianon. Its naumachy—a graceful colonnade bordering a tiny lake embosomed in trees—is a delightful legacy from some unknown artist of the eighteenth century. The Trocadéro garden, one of the most beautiful in the city, has, unfortunately, been swallowed up by the Exhibition.

In addition to its parks, the city possesses a considerable number of small public gardens, or "squares," as the Parisians call them. For years past it has been the policy of the Municipal Council to lay out such gardens whenever suitable sites become available. When, for instance, it was known that a block of six-storey houses was to be built immediately opposite that beautiful architectural relic, the Musée de Cluny, the Council stepped in, bought the land and converted it into a plot of verdure. Many of these gardens are of quite respectable antiquity. The largest of them is the historic Place des Vosges, the Grosvenor Square of seventeenth-century Paris. The Square des Innocents, laid out on the site of an old cemetery, contains a



THE NAUMACHY.—PARC MONCEAU

fountain with bas-reliefs carved by Jean Goujon in his best style. The fountain was erected against the wall of the Church of the Innocents in 1550, and was removed to the Garden in 1788, when the church was pulled down. All these "squares" are arranged with great taste, and, thanks to assiduous watering, retain a refreshing greenness throughout the hottest summer. The supply of plants and flowers comes from an immense municipal nursery garden, constructed a few years ago at a cost of over £100,000.

The utmost thrift is displayed in the management of the Paris parks and promenades. The Bois de Boulogne alone costs £26,500 a year, but nearly the whole of this amount is recovered from concessions of various kinds. Longchamps racecourse brings in £8,000 a year rent, and Auteuil racecourse £6,000. Cafés, restaurants, villas, clubs, boats, swings, penny-in-the-slot machines, fishing licences, the ice on the lakes, and the grass on the meadows, all bring grist to the municipal mill.

The total revenue from the Bois de Boulogne is £24,000, so that the net cost of this splendid recreation ground is only £2,500 a year. The Bois de Vincennes, on the other hand, involves an expenditure of £17,000 a year, and brings in only £2,800. In round figures, the city of Paris spends £116,000 a year on its parks and promenades, or £9,000 more than the London County Council devotes for a similar purpose.

It is impossible not to admire the confidence with which the Paris parks and gardens are handed over to the care of the public. Beds full of valuable flowers are placed close to the walks without any protection, and one rarely sees so much as a warning to keep off the grass. The people seem to realise that as the gardens are kept up entirely for their benefit, it would be the height of absurdity to damage their own property. The mischievous boy and the irrepressible Yahoo, who do their best to spoil and degrade every public place in London, are unknown animals in Paris.





WRITTEN

BY

MAJOR

HAMYLTON FAIRLEIGH

GILBERT WALENN

BY

ILLUSTRATED



HE last day of the Poona Monsoon Races had proved disastrous to backers in general, to Lieutenant Thomas Clavering of the Wanowri Dragoons in particular.

"I've had a regular facer. Didn't spot a single winner the whole afternoon. 'Forlorn Hope,' who ought to have been a cert. for the Losers' Handicap, took it into his head to bolt off the course. I wish I'd ridden the brute myself instead of putting Snaffles up. It's no go. This cursed ill-luck follows me like a shadow. I think I shall chuck racing, and take to badminton and tea parties."

Thus spoke Tom to his crony and companion in misfortune, Jack Wilkinson of the Kirkee Fencibles, with whom he

was dining at the Club of Western India.

"Don't be down in the mouth, old chap! Cheer up, and never say die!" responded gaily the more philosophical Jack. You and I have landed many a good *comp* before now, and, please the pigs, will continue the motion."

"I wish I could take matters as coolly as you," said Clavering gloomily, envious of his comrade's irrepressible good humour. "I have dropped a pot to the bookies, and, what with lottery tickets and odd bets, the sum total of my liabilities is enough to make one's hair stand on end. I shall have to pull in my horns, by disposing of the whole of my stud except my two chargers. The polo ponies I don't so much mind parting

with; but I would have liked to keep 'Forlorn Hope,' as I have a superstition that, notwithstanding his poor performances hitherto, he will some day win a good race."

"You surely would not dream of selling F. H.," cried Wilkinson, aghast at the enormity of such a suggestion. "That would be burning your boats with a vengeance. I thought you had more grit in you, Tom, than to cave in so easily. No, no! Get rid of the polo ponies, if you like; but stick to the old nag that is destined"—in theatrical tones—"believe me, to retrieve our fallen fortunes."

"Perhaps you are right. I'll give the horse one more chance; but, if he fail me again, I shall put him up to auction, and he will probably end his days in a hack buggy."

"Forlorn Hope," a bay—three parts English countrybred, with lean, blood head, deep barrel, clean forelegs, powerful quarters, and muscular shoulders and loins, left, so far as appearances went, little to be desired; yet the ugly way he had of showing the whites of his eyes, and the vicious manner in which, when being mounted, he threw back his ears and "cow-kicked" were danger signals betraying the particular infirmity from which he suffered. Clavering, lured by a speciously-worded advertisement in the *Pioneer*, had, in his usual impulsive fashion, bought the horse without enquiring into his antecedents.

"A grand jumper, clever across country, with a rare turn of speed, sound as a bell," so had the advertisement run. "Forlorn Hope" possessed undoubtedly all the qualities ascribed to him; but, as his new owner soon discovered to his cost, he was one of the most excitable, cross-grained, uncertain-tempered equine fiends that ever looked through a bridle or disappointed his backers in or out of the saddle.

"Bravo, my pippin! You're one of the right sort after all," exclaimed Wilkinson joyfully. "We'll enter F. H. for the Grand Military Steeplechase at the Yarrowda Autumn Meeting, and you shall ride him yourself. With any luck, we shall recoup all our recent losses, and win a tidy bit over and above. As for our present liabilities—is not the

amiable and obliging Choga Lall ready to come down with the stiff to any amount? I've been as badly bitten as you have, but mean to have another shy at the bookies. You jump on my back and I'll jump on yours; in other words,—we'll do a bill and go security for each other with unlimited credit among the Shylocks of the bazaar. Why should we mind losing occasionally? We can always pay up on settling day, and come smiling to the scratch again." Then, turning to the waiter, "What ho, my sable Ganymede! Another bottle of the Boy, and put a dash of *jaldi** into it."

The two subs having drained their glasses to their favourite toast, "Our next merry meeting,"

"I hope," said Clavering, "that the Yarrowda Meeting will prove a merry one for us," which sentiment was echoed heartily by his friend.

The business with Choga Lall was easily arranged, for the astute *shroff*, knowing that his victims were in Government service, and that Clavering's uncle was a Member of Council, considered that in lending them money at 60 per cent. he was making a very safe and profitable investment. Clavering, in his laudable desire to retrench, sold his ponies, and even disposed of his smart, yellow-painted Norfolk cart, the envy and admiration of all the subalterns on the station, in which he used to drive tandem. He foreswore billiards and cards, and was generally considered to have turned over a new leaf. His hopes were centred on winning the Grand Military Steeplechase, but his secret was shared only by Jack Wilkinson.

Clavering, instead of exercising his horse in the orthodox fashion over the steeplechase course, trained him privately in long rides across country; and so efficacious did this system prove, that in a few weeks "Forlorn Hope" was pronounced by the admiring Jack Wilkinson to be as hard as a hammer, and fit to run for a king's ransom. While riding home late one evening, along the Parvati road, Clavering heard cries of distress, in a woman's voice, proceeding from some distance in front of him. Clapping spurs to his horse, he rode swiftly to the rescue, and on turning

* Quickly.

into a dark avenue bordered on one side by a tank, found a young native girl struggling with two Punjabi sepoys, one of whom was holding her down while the other was wrenching the ornaments from her arms. An old, white-bearded man lay helpless on the ground, with the blood welling from a wound in his forehead. The sepoys had barely time to drop their victim ere Clavering was upon them, and with the butt-end of his hunting crop had felled one ruffian senseless to the earth. The other sepoy, seizing the horse's bridle with a sharp jerk, caused the animal to rear wildly. Clavering slipped to the ground, when the sepoy instantly closing with him, a desperate struggle ensued.

Clavering had been in his schooldays a Rugby football player, and had thus acquired some knowledge of wrestling. This early training now stood him in good stead. The Punjabi, a man of powerful physique and an expert wrestler, strove mightily to force his adversary backwards into the tank, but the Englishman, though he felt his strength ebbing away under the terrible strain, succeeded for some time in holding his own. At last, Clavering, outmatched in weight and strength, began to lose ground; he was being forced back gradually foot by foot; the issue of the struggle seemed no longer doubtful, when succour arrived from an unexpected quarter. The old man, on recovering consciousness, jumped to his feet, unwound the long turban from his head, and twisting it deftly round the neck of the Punjabi, pulled both ends with all his strength, nearly throttling him. This timely diversion turned the scales in favour of Clavering, who, so soon as the grip of his opponent was relaxed, used both fists with telling effect, and floored his man like a ninepin. Then, with the assistance of his ally, he bound both the sepoys securely, and despatched the girl to summon the police guard from the nearest *chōki*.*

The old man, throwing himself weeping at his deliverer's feet, said in high-flown Urdu:

"Cherisher of the poor; you have

saved my life and my daughter's honour. Your bravery and kindness are inscribed in imperishable letters on the tablets of the memory of the humblest of your slaves, Hafiz Ali, the fortune-teller. Heaven will surely reward you for this day's work," and would have continued in the same strain, had not Clavering caused him to rise, and begged him to say nothing more, adding that he, in turn, owed his life to the old man's courage and presence of mind, and that therefore the account between them was balanced.

"Your honour's command is my law," replied Hafiz Ali respectfully; "but at least allow me to predict that good fortune, at no distant date, awaits you."

Clavering did not see Hafiz Ali again till the day before the races, when the old fortune-teller appeared at his bungalow, and asked to speak to him on business of much importance. After the usual interchange of salutations, Hafiz Ali said, "I have been told that your honour intends to ride in the great race to-morrow. If the Protector of the Poor will deign to grace with his acceptance a small offering from this miserable atom of humanity, he will to a surety bear off the prize, and cause the faces of his unworthy rivals to be blackened with the soot of defeat."

Drawing from a small bag a necklace of blue glass beads, and tendering it to Clavering, he continued, "If this talisman be placed round the neck of your honour's steed, that swift-footed one shall prevail, even though his opponents be as numerous as the sands of the desert. Hafiz Ali, the fortune-teller, pledges his reputation on the fulfilment of his prophecy."

Clavering, who had always affected to disbelieve the wonderful stories he had heard concerning the efficacy of Indian magic, felt his incredulity wavering before the solemnity of the old man's tones and the air of conviction with which he spoke. Was not the prophecy a confirmation of the superstition he secretly cherished concerning "Forlorn Hope"? With such thoughts in his mind he accepted the proffered gift, with many expressions of gratitude.

"You've got the straight tip this

* Police station.

time, Tom, and no mistake," said Jack Wilkinson, on being informed of the prophecy, "we'll put our shirts on 'Forlorn Hope' and make a small fortune out of him. A chance like this comes but once in a lifetime, so we'd better make the most of it."

The two subalterns astonished their friends that evening, by the reckless way in which they plunged at the lotteries and snapped up every bet they could book about "Forlorn Hope." On the following afternoon, Wilkinson, arriving early on the race-course, backed the horse with the bookmakers to such an extent, that finally the pencillers, becoming alarmed, declined to lay another farthing against "Forlorn Hope."

The Grand Military Steeplechase was the last event on the programme, and by the time the nine competitors had been marshalled for the start, the afternoon was far advanced. Owing to the fractiousness of "Forlorn Hope," who was in one of his most intractable moods, there were several false starts, and when at last the flag dropped, darkness was rapidly setting in. The starting-post was in full sight of the Grand

Stand; but the course wound round a village, on the far side of which, screened from the view of the spectators, was the principal obstacle, an "on and off" jump, composed of a steep bank, with a broad flat top and a ditch on either side. During the first part of the race, Clavering succeeded in keeping "Forlorn Hope" well in hand, a few lengths behind his field; but, on nearing the "on and off," which the remaining competitors had safely cleared, his horse, taking the bit between his teeth, made a wild rush at the obstacle and tried to clear it in his stride, with the result that he landed with his forefeet in the furthestmost ditch, and, turning a regular somersault, threw his rider heavily to the earth.

Clavering lay motionless where he had fallen; but when "Forlorn Hope" rose unhurt from the ground, a phantom jockey—the exact counterpart of the fallen man, and wearing his colours, violet and white—leaped into the saddle and started in hot pursuit of the rest. "Forlorn Hope" became, under his new rider's influence, perfectly docile, and, with speed and endurance increased



"THREW HIS RIDER HEAVILY"

tenfold, soon overtook and distanced the other horses.

"Violet and white leads. Violet and white for a hundred! 'Forlorn Hope' wins hands down," roared Wilkinson from the Grand Stand, when the colours of the leading jockey became distinguishable through the gloom.

Jack was right. The despised outsider sailed past the judge's box thirty lengths in front of his field. On the conclusion of the race, "Forlorn Hope's" jockey rode to the weighing tent, dismounted, and took his seat silently on the scales, and when the magic word "Weight" had been uttered, rose without a word, strode out and disappeared into the crowd.

"Clavering takes his victory calmly," remarked a brother officer to Wilkinson, who, laden with spoil, was returning flushed and elated from an eminently satisfactory interview with the bookmakers. "He wouldn't speak a word to any of us, and looked as if he'd just come from a funeral. He was as pale as a ghost, and there was a most uncanny look in his eyes. Perhaps his luck has been too much for him."

Wilkinson searched everywhere for his friend, and failing to find him, concluded that he had driven home alone.

Clavering, after being thrown from

his horse at the "on and off," remembered nothing more till he found himself entering his bungalow and being warmly congratulated on his splendid riding by Jack Wilkinson.

"Splendid riding!" he stammered in amazement, "Bar chaff, Jack, for I am in no humour for it. My usual infernal luck is dogging me still; I was chucked off and left behind, and I'm blowed if I know how I found my way home."

"Left behind. That's a good 'un," roared Jack. "I tell you what it is, my boy; that peg you took in the refreshment tent, after the race, was too strong for you, and you've forgotten what happened. Look here!" producing from his pocket a thick roll of currency notes received from the bookmakers. "Three thousand of the very best, and more to follow. All won on 'Forlorn Hope.' Left behind! Why he was a street in front of the next horse."

Clavering professed himself satisfied with this plausible explanation and forebore wisely from making any further allusion to the subject; yet, there are times when he cannot divest himself of a shrewd suspicion that his success in the Grand Military Steeplechase was due in some mysterious way to the magic properties of the blue necklace.





HAMBURG.—ALLGEMEINE GARTENBAU-AUSSTELLUNG.—1897

From Photo by STRUMPER & Co., Hamburg

A
CITY
ON
SAND

WRITTEN BY K. F. PURDON ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

ON an ordinary observer, there is nothing in the appearance of stately Hamburg with its broad well-paved streets, its imposing dwellings, its splendid public institutions, above all, the air of solid prosperity that invests the people, as well as the place, to suggest an unstable foundation. Yet let him cast a glance at the spot—it is easily found—where the foundation for a new building is being prepared, and

almost certainly he will suppose what they have been digging out to be sand, conveyed thither among other materials for the masons. Let him lean a moment on his stick, as he crosses one of the innumerable open spaces of the beautiful city, and he will find that the point sinks with slight pressure, almost as if he were walking by the sea shore. The low amorphous ridges he has observed from the railway on his way hither from the Hook of Holland, have

suggested Nansen's photos of the frozen ocean he crossed. They are like waves, magically stilled in a stormy sea of sand, and such fancies lead, as fancies often do, to facts. The great North German plain was once—and not so very long ago, geologically considered—under the sea, and it would not have been easy for the fishermen who, more than a thousand years ago, began to cluster together on the highest point of the banks of the Elbe that they could find, to get any firmer foothold than sand whereon to rear their huts.

They made a wise choice, for they founded there what has grown into one of the finest cities in Europe, and the first seat of commerce on the continent. Again and again the little settlement was overrun and destroyed by neighbouring robbers and pirates—sometimes a prey also to princes and nobles whose cupidity was aroused by the wealth which even then Hamburg was beginning to amass.

The world has changed since then, and in nothing more than in the attitude of princes towards their people. Such things sound strange in our ears, still ringing with the promise of the mailed fist, to protect German enterprise far and near. It had to protect itself in those days, and already Hamburg was to the front. She took the lead in the formation of the celebrated Hanseatic League. It began in a small way, aiming only to secure the safety of travellers and goods between Hamburg and Lübeck. But it grew rapidly, and became a most mighty confederation, concluding treaties with nations, and making and dethroning princes at its pleasure. It declined only with the need that had called it into being, as royal potentates awoke to their duty towards their trading subjects—above all, as a new field for commercial energy was opened up by the dazzling exploits of English and Spanish adventurers in distant seas.

Of the early history of Hamburg, of the derivation of the name, there are traditions galore. A great antiquity is claimed for it, dating back to one of the sons of Noah! And indeed the tiny red-roofed houses, the symmetrical fir trees visible on the green banks of the

Elbe to the traveller who approaches it by water, are whimsically suggestive of the toys of our childhood. It is asserted that it was first colonized by worshippers of Jupiter Ammon—that it was named from the innumerable hams cured there! A more probable origin is from the old word *Hamma*, meaning woodland. A great forest once overspread the land, traces of which still linger in such names as "*Eichholz*" oakwood, and the many names ending in "*büttel*," which means a wooded height. The city was proud of its woods, and again and again passed laws to preserve the ancient trees. But the last of the old natural forest disappeared in 1813, cut down by the French during their occupation of the city, lest it should afford a lurking place for their enemies. This occupation was one of the bitterest trials to which the sturdy burghers were ever subjected—the memory of it rankles still. But the early days of Hamburg suffered no worse vicissitudes than other settlements of the times, and the clause in the old North German Litany:

From the Grimme of the Normans, protect us, dear God!

had a counterpart in the inscription on a gate of ancient Galway:

From the ferocious Offlaherties, Good Lord deliver us!

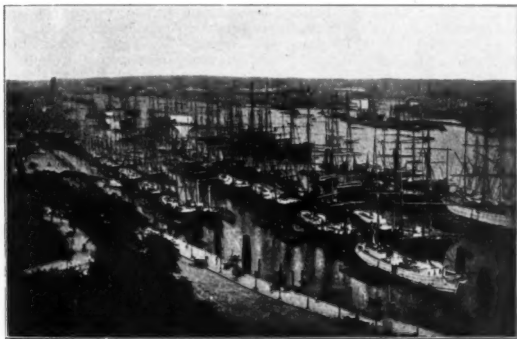
I have called Hamburg a City on Sand—perhaps it better deserves to be known as a City on Water, with the Alster on the one hand, the Elbe on the other, and innumerable canals intersecting it in every direction. Its prosperity it undoubtedly owes to that unstable basis, for its position on the broad bosom of the Elbe is its greatest natural advantage. The inhabitants have made the most of it. Last September, the Emperor gave utterance to the words, "Our future lies upon the waters." Hamburg—the city has for some years been incorporated with the Empire—Hamburg will play an important part in this programme. The present Hafen is a notable outcome of energy and skill. Formerly the port was at the mouth of the Alster—it is

now situated on the Elbe itself, and a wonderful spectacle this very modern creation presents.

Up to the middle of the present century, ships were moored in mid-stream to piles, called "Dukes of Alva," for some forgotten reason—but they are reminiscent of the fact that many refugees from the tyranny of that terrible rule in the Netherlands, settled on the west bank of the Alster. Now what interminable stretches of docks and quays, what serried ranks of ships from every known port, are there! They are of every imaginable size and build, from

own. Now, the good Hamburgers may declare, "*Nous avons changé tout cela.*" Germans can make their ships as well as sail them. The ship-building firm of Blohm and Voss in Hamburg, is second to none, and their steamers have broken the record for quick passages so long held by the Cunard line.

According to a recent parliamentary return, the British Empire is a long way ahead of other European nations in her mercantile marine tonnage, Germany stands second, and as the trade of Hamburg now somewhat exceeds that of Liverpool, it will be seen



HAMBURG.—HAFEN V. SEEMANNS-HAUS

From Photo by MAX PRIESTER

huge ocean-going steamers, to the fleet of "Eis-brechers," whose services are often in demand during the severe winters known on these coasts.

It is not so very long—perhaps five and thirty years—since English comic papers poked fun at German sailors, since British visitors felt a glow of patriotic pride on overhearing English nautical expressions in use among Hamburg seamen; a circumstance only to be explained, they considered, on the supposition that Germans knew too little about matters maritime to have any seafaring vocabulary of their

how important is the position of this old Hanse town in the Fatherland.

In 1896, Hamburg imported from the British Empire, without bullion, to the extent of £20,497,200. Her enormous docks are now insufficient for her ever-growing trade, and the City has voted a sum of eleven and a half million marks to provide increased accommodation.

In 1893, one of William II.'s memorable telegrams sent to a Berlin boat-club ran thus: "*Navigare necesse est, vivere non est necesse.*" These words were said to strike a new note in Ger-

man history. Two years later the opening of the canal between the Baltic and the North sea was signalled by the greatest aquatic display, perhaps, ever made, in which specimens of the marine architecture of every nation took part.

The waters of the Elbe play an important part in the trade and prosperity of Hamburg. Her people turn for recreation to the waters of the Alster. Physically speaking, this same Alster is the great distinctive feature of the city, for such a wide and picturesque sheet of water, stretching up to busy streets, is probably unique. This the Alster does, for it laps one side of the stately Jungfernstieg, or Maiden's Path, an ancient name which, taken in connection with the crowded Grosse Bleichen, or Great Bleach, leading from it, is quaintly suggestive of old-world Hamburg damsels tripping along with their linen to perform laundry operations, after the manner of the day, in the waters of the Alster. It is really an artificial enlargement of the little river Alster, and in many parts is extremely shallow. The beautiful Lombards Brücke divides it into two basins, the Inner or Binnen and the Aussen Alster. The banks are beautifully planted with every imaginable tree and shrub, and lined with stately dwellings. Hundreds of yachts, pleasure-boats, outriggers disport themselves here—and a pretty feature is the flocks of swans that swim there, and nest undisturbed on little rafts anchored for their accommodation.

An old Hamburg Frau, years ago, left money to provide £50 a year for their support—and they are regularly fed, and in winter care is taken to keep part of one of the canals free from ice, for their use. These canals lead away, from the Binnen Alster, through the city, to furnish cheap transport by boat for country produce. They form back streets—"fleths"—the same word as the "Fleet" in London, and run between rows of warehouses, and lower class dwellings, some of which bulge dangerously over the water. The ebb and flow of the sea, ninety miles away is felt here. A telegram from Cuxhaven announces a high tide, three cannon

shots warn the people to escape from an impending flood.

From the Aussen Alster the water winds through many a pretty ivy-grown channel, between the gardens and houses of Eppendorf, Harvestehude, Uhlenhorst.

These canals justify the soubriquet bestowed upon Hamburg of the "Venice of the North."

Gay, busy little steamers traverse the Alster, and from them a comprehensive view of the city is obtained—of the great new Rathhaus, opened by the Emperor in 1895—the Nicolai Kirche, whose graceful spire of 473 feet is the work of Gilbert Scott—the quaint old Michaeli Kirche which contains the organ on which Bach used to play. To hear his Passion-Musik there, is singularly impressive, the dimly-lighted church, the grave earnest singers and hearers, the awful strains of that majestic music, so overwhelmingly suggestive of patient, suffering strength. Hamburg is essentially musical, and perhaps nowhere else is the great master so well understood.

In winter the Alster is often frozen over for months, then all Hamburg turns out on skates. A broad pathway is kept swept around the seven miles or so of its extent, booths are erected, and a miniature temporary city on water is in swing.

Facing the Lombard's Brücke, and prominently placed, as is fitting, is a gracefully conceived monument to the Hamburg citizens who fell in the Franco-Prussian war. The figure being crowned, represents Körner—the warrior-poet, who fought against the First Napoleon—who died of his wounds at twenty-two, in the fateful year 1813, a terrible sacrifice exacted from literature by the god of war. He finds due place in the memorial of the great struggle of '70-'71, for his songs, which woke such enthusiasm in his own day, are full of longings for the union and freedom which only became possible after Sedan.

A city on sand, a city on water, a city, too, of trees and flowers.

The great plain of North Germany is said to be more barren than any other tract of similar extent in Europe, that

it would resemble the steppes of Southern Russia, but for its rainfall, that in the tropics it would be another Sahara. What skill it has been, then, that has made this wilderness to blossom as the rose! The trees and shrubs in Hamburg do not only exist, they flourish. Paris herself cannot show more beautiful or more numerous flower-shops than can our City on Sand. Perhaps such soil is favourable to horticulture—granted—there remains the climate, with its harsh damp winds, its bitter frosts, when all sign of vegetable life

exhibition of gardening in every branch, the most wonderful show of the kind the world has ever seen.

Figures may give some idea of its extent, as that there were 70,000 season-ticket holders; the show lasted from May till October; that 100,000 persons passed the turnstiles in a single day, yet could move about the leafy pleasaunce and admire its gay parterres, without crowding or discomfort. It would be more difficult to convey any adequate impression of the beauty of this flowery park, approached by



HAMBURG.—ALLGEMEINE GARTENBAU-AUSSTELLUNG.—1897

From Photo by STRUMPER & Co., Hamburg

disappears. But spring comes, and with

The touch of a fairy hand every square and garden is brilliant with tulips and hyacinths. At every street corner you see the Vierländerin in her old world costume, proffering her gay and fragrant wares.

The delight of Hamburgers in what Bacon calls "the purest of all Humane Pleasures," was shown by the success which attended in 1897, their great

picturesque gateways, and containing lavish stores of every imaginable product, rare or beautiful, monstrous or useful, of plant life.

The *Times* correspondent, writing from Berlin during the Congress on Tuberculosis, last May, speaks of the "gigantic national organisation of old-age and disablement insurance in Germany," and says, "The insurance societies are eager to find out whether it would not, quite apart from all other

considerations, be cheaper to cure its victims (to tuberculosis) than to have to support them through the various stages of their decline."

The city on sand, which has for generations been noted for her liberal and wisely administered charities, is of course included in this scheme, by which a wonderful effort is being made to solve a burning question of the day, how best to help those who are in want through age, or ill-health.

The German scheme of insurance, or *Alters Versicherung*, includes domestic servants, and all earning wages below a certain limit. Employer and employed each pay one penny a week to an official collector, by means of stamps to be had from him, or at a Post Office, and put into a Savings Book. The pension is forfeited, unless the book contains a certain number of stamps at the end of each year, as a guarantee that the insurer has done a fair amount of work. The insurance begins with the first wages earned, the pension at sixty-five. When a girl marries, she ceases making the payment, and what she has put up is returned to her. She may insure again if she resumes earning.

There is also a compulsory insurance, against sickness (*Krankenversicherung*) made by German wage-earners. They pay one penny a week, and their employers the same. This entitles them to thirteen weeks in hospital in the year, and should their enforced inaction last longer, they have an *Invaliden rente* or pension.

A new branch of this work is the establishment of Institutions for those who are unable through ill-health to work, but whose cases will probably yield to good treatment, and fresh air. The preference is given to those most likely to recover, a somewhat sad, even cruel necessity. The movement having an economical as well as humane *raison d'être*, it does seem wiser to give timely

care and rest where it is most likely to lead to permanent recovery, and thus prevent the individual from becoming a burden to the State. Homes of this kind are established in the Harz, or near the sea, or some of Germany's many health resorts. In September '97, the *Hanseatische Versicherungs Anstalt*, belonging to the Hanse cities of Hamburg, Bremen and Lübeck, contained two hundred of these invalid workers; the number is now probably largely increased.

Hamburg, in some respects, goes one better than her neighbours in the care of her sick workers. A very admirably thought-out scheme is that by which her servant-maids are insured against illness. It rejoices in the unwieldy appellation of the *Hamburgische Dienstboten Krankenkasse*.

By this, every girl in service, by payment of one shilling monthly, is provided with a list of names and all particulars of medical men in every quarter of the City, whose services she can claim; of dentists, of chemists from whom she can have advice and medicine, and medical appliances gratis. Among the latter, there stands first on the list, spectacles; judging by the number of glasses one observes in use, on all sorts and conditions of Hamburg citizens, from tiny tots trotting to their Kindergarten, to gallant officers of the Imperial army, anything approaching perfect sight must be a rare endowment in the city on sand. Perhaps these glasses are worn as a measure of the prevention which we are told is better than cure, and are no real indication of defective vision. At all events, whatever their natural gifts have been, they are made the most of by this sturdy race; to their indomitable energy, perseverance and industry, rather than to any advantages of climate, soil or position, Hamburg owes her foremost position among the cities of the world.